

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE



JUNE 1942

Earle
42



Strength for Victory is forged from Steel

DID you know that approximately one out of every five industrial workers in America is engaged in the production of steel?

Or that they are producing, today, more steel than any four nations you can name? Almost as much as all the rest of the world!

These are heartening facts. For wars are won by the armies and navies best equipped and fortified with materiel of steel—the guns, ships, airplanes, tanks and the countless supplies to support them.

Now, we can be doubly thankful for the foresight of the steel industry in keeping ahead of the nation's needs in times of peace—for its courage and enterprise during the dark years of depression when it spent \$1,500,000,000 for plant expansion and modernization—its training and apprentice programs providing a vast

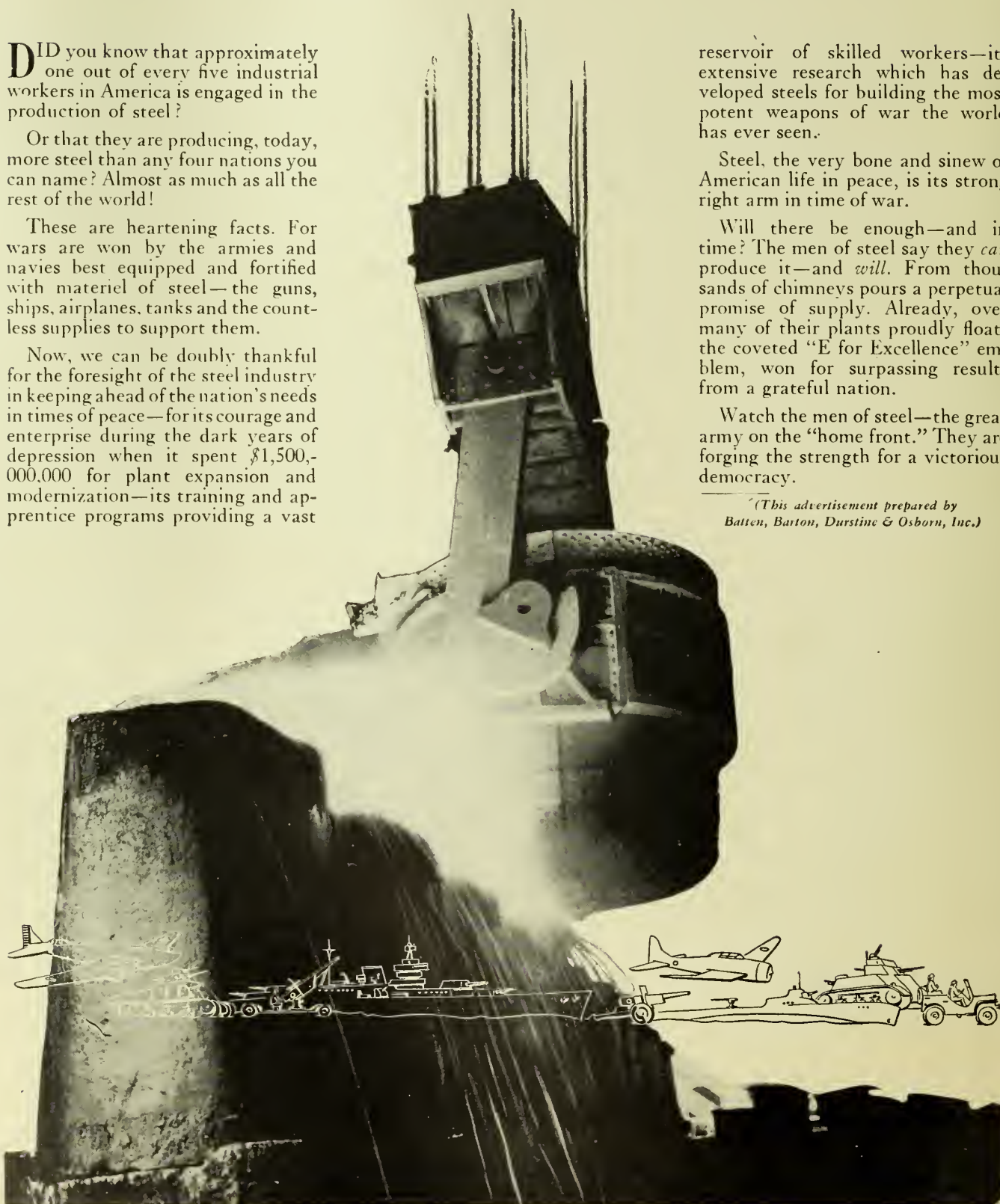
reservoir of skilled workers—its extensive research which has developed steels for building the most potent weapons of war the world has ever seen.

Steel, the very bone and sinew of American life in peace, is its strong right arm in time of war.

Will there be enough—and in time? The men of steel say they *can* produce it—and *will*. From thousands of chimneys pours a perpetual promise of supply. Already, over many of their plants proudly floats the coveted “E for Excellence” emblem, won for surpassing results from a grateful nation.

Watch the men of steel—the great army on the “home front.” They are forging the strength for a victorious democracy.

*(This advertisement prepared by
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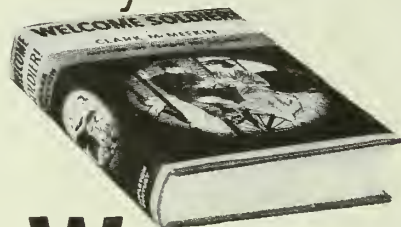




Drawing by Herbert M. Stoops

FLAGS OF FREEDOM, standards of the United States of America and the Philippine Commonwealth, they will fly again over Manila, Bataan, Corregidor and the rest of the Philippines, until the day when the Islands become independent, in 1945. Old Glory will then retire, but the Filipino people will ever hold it in loving remembrance.

A BOOK
that you and your
wife will love



WELCOME SOLDIER!

By **CLARK McMEEKIN**
Author of "Show Me a Land"

REMEMBER the slang, the songs, the dance-steps, the canteens, the hair-cuts, the clothes, the amusements of the last war?

Here is an extremely entertaining novel, warm and witty, which "makes 1918 live again for the reader. There's a nostalgic fascination to 'Welcome Soldier'."—*San Francisco Chronicle*

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"The author must have had a hilarious time writing it. The reader has a good time, too. Ingenious . . . amusing."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*.
"A sprightly tale written to amuse."
—*Chicago News*, \$2.50

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or from the publishers.

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entering the Army**

By "Old Sarge"

HOW TO GET ALONG IN THE ARMY

ANSWERS all the questions that rile a rookie. Shows him the ropes in the new army set-up. Explains everything he wants to know. Tells what to take to camp, rates of pay, clothing and equipment allowances, free legal aid, what not to do in barracks, etc., etc. Filled with specific, practical advice and suggestions.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

June, 1942



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EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
One Park Avenue, New York City

The Message Center

PLEASE note that the Editorial and Advertising offices of this publication are now at One Park Avenue, New York City.

LEGIONNAIRE J. W. Schlaikjer's stirring cover painting for our May issue, showing General MacArthur among the heroic American and Filipino troops on Bataan, was enthusiastically greeted by members of the great Legion family and by Americans generally. The *National Legionnaire* for April reproduced the painting and announced that the person furnishing the best title in a contest sponsored by this magazine would become the owner of the painting. Because it was planned to have the painting with the prize-winning title made into a poster for distribution to war plants the time limit for receipt of titles was fixed at May 2d, and it was decided that the contest should be thrown open to non-Legionnaires. Please don't send us any titles now, as of course it is too late. The judges of the contest were A. L. Cole, General Manager of Reader's Digest Association, Inc.; Arthur Moore, Vice President of Hearst Magazines, Inc., and J. A. Welch, Vice President of Crowell-Collier Publishing Company. The decision of the judges was to be made known around May 20th.

The winning picture-title will be carried in the June issue of the *National Legionnaire*, and in this space in our July issue.

THE EDITORS

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IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 57.

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Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

THE AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

LOGISTICS

Strategy is the planning of warfare.

Tactics is the execution of those plans.

Logistics, the third branch of military science, is the supplying of everything necessary to strategy and tactics—in the right amount, at the right place, at the right time.

Now, in *total* war, we must apply the science of Logistics to all of our activities as a nation—civilian as well as military. WE-ALL are part of the Victory Program.

Our supply lines are literally life lines of the United Nations. Man-power *and* munition-power are the controlling factors.

Today, Logistics dictates strategy—determines tactics.

Congress has appropriated billions of dollars *but it cannot appropriate one single second of time.*

Time favors those who appreciate it as the priceless commodity it now is.

In war, when we save time we save lives—and we make our individual contribution to Victory.

DEPARTMENT OF LOGISTICS

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

This message appeared in every daily newspaper, both English and foreign language, in the United States and Canada, on March 30, 1942



IF... BALBOA lived again **TODAY**

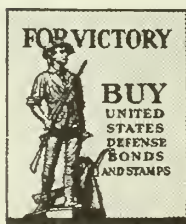
Imagine this bold explorer bridging four centuries . . . *coming back to life*, in modern America! He would discover that men still must fight for freedom. And that the pioneer's spirit, the soldier's courage, flame as fiercely in Americans today as in the hearts of those fearless adventurers who, in 1513, followed him to his discovery of the Pacific. ★ That epochal event is commemorated in the official seal of Pacific National . . . a typical American organization, born of free enterprise, grown to national stature through initiative and public service. ★ Its staff and agents . . . Coast to Coast . . . are men who believe in America, work for America,

have fought for America . . . men whose sons *are* fighting and dying for America. ★ Balboa would hail all such Americans as comrades. For he too fixed his heart and mind upon final victory, and *no obstacle or peril could swerve him from his goal.*

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY FOR VETERANS

Among PACIFIC NATIONAL'S most successful agency representatives throughout the United States (writing Fire, Automobile and Inland Marine policies) are many veterans. ★ We now have openings, in certain territories, for a limited number of additional agents. ★ ★ ★ ★ Inquiries are invited.

MAIL COUPON BELOW OR WRITE TODAY



PACIFIC NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

FRANK N. BELGRANO, JR., President
460 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

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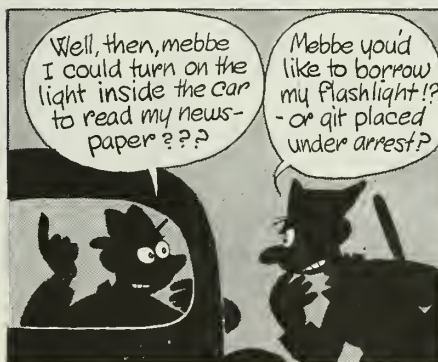
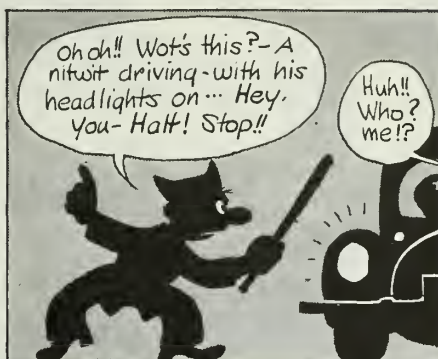
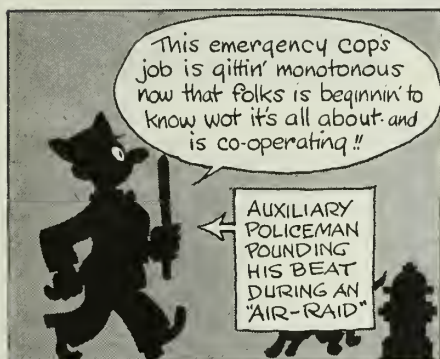
Name

Street

City State

A NATIONAL INSTITUTION ★ SERVING THE VETERANS OF AMERICA

BLACKOUT BLOCKHEADS by Wallgren



Can't hold those



One of the shark-painted planes which with American flyers brought fear and havoc to the Japs

By

WILLIAM CLEMMENS

ON DECEMBER 21, 1941, seven Japanese planes took off from their base in Indo-China to raid the Kunming terminus of the Burma Road. They expected no difficulty. Had not the air force of the Rising Sun dominated the eastern skies for four years?

Suddenly three pairs of planes appeared out of the clouds and swooped down on the Japs, each pair weaving and twisting as though tied together. They flashed through the startled Japanese formation, firing from twelve machine guns. In twenty seconds six of the raiders fell in flames. The frightened survivor, when he reached his base, could report little except that on the prow of each fighter plane was painted the head of a grinning, sabre-toothed tiger shark.

Three days later eighty Japanese aircraft set out to bomb Rangoon. They knew that the British there had only thirty-six pursuit ships. Furthermore, it was Christmas Eve and the Christians would be celebrating. The leaders were nearing their target when eighteen "shark" planes appeared out of nowhere.

In less than one minute, eleven Niponese pursuit ships and eight bombers were plummeting down in flames. The rest scattered and fled.

The Japanese High Command was baffled. Who were these mysterious and terrible air fighters?

They were the "Flying Tiger Sharks," a band of young men making their initial appearance as the American Volunteer Group of the Chinese Air Force, led by tall, wiry 51-year-old Claire L. Chennault, an ex-school teacher from Waterproof, Louisiana. Their effective fighting force—until recently—was never more than forty-four pursuit ships. Starved for equipment and supplies, they have had to borrow gasoline and even ammunition. Yet the A. V. G. turned what Japan planned as a blitzkrieg of Burma into a more arduous campaign than that which conquered Singapore.

In ninety days following December 21, 1941, these Flying Tigers were credited with having destroyed four hundred and fifty-seven Japanese planes—thirty for every A. V. G. plane knocked out; ninety-two Japanese airmen killed for every A. V. G. pilot lost—a record unequaled in this or any other war.

The secret of their amazing victories against superior force lies in a new technique of air fighting taught them by their dogged, weatherbeaten leader. Indeed, the story of the Flying Tigers is essentially the story of Chennault.

Born in Texas, the son of a cotton planter, Chennault was brought up in Louisiana and attended Louisiana State University. He was a rural schoolmaster for seven years, and was the father of three boys when he enlisted in 1917. A second lieutenant in aviation when the Armistice came, he stayed on to become one of the Army's best pilots, and as commandant of the Nineteenth Pursuit Group in Hawaii in 1925 he began an exhaustive study of aerial tactics.

When Captain Chennault demonstrated

Tigers!

Ground-crew men of the Tigers load machine-gun ammunition into an American fighter plane in Burma



The Old Man—Colonel Claire L. Chennault, Commander of the A. V. G., now Colonel, U. S. Army

a revolutionary idea—dropping troops, light field guns and equipment by parachute—no one except three Russian observers was interested. He wrote a textbook in which he described another revolutionary concept of aerial tactics. The traditional method, in which two adversaries fought a dog-fight duel, was outmoded, he said. If two planes flew together as a team, weaving their way through an enemy formation, they could concentrate double fire power upon one enemy plane after another.

To show Air Corps officials what he meant by teamwork, he and two of his wingmen performed banks and dives and even loops while their planes were tied together with thirty-foot ropes. But the brass hats viewed this demonstration merely as a stunt. Chennault and his teammates, Lieutenants J. H. Williamson and W. C. McDonald, were ordered to



tour the country to promote enlistment in the Air Corps, putting on a "Three Men on a Flying Trapeze" act. Retired in 1937—the record says it was because of deafness incurred in flying open planes—Chennault settled down with his wife and their eight youngsters in Louisiana.

His teammates also retired and went to China to help train native combat pilots. When they heard that an American air adviser was to be brought to China, they convinced Generalissimo and

Madame Chiang Kai-shek that they had the man for the job.

Shortly after Chennault's arrival, in July, 1937, China was attacked by Japan and her force of less than 100 combat planes was soon wiped out. Discouraged, McDonald and Williamson resigned. But Chennault would not give up. He trained the few pilots for whom China had planes. He studied the strength and weakness of Japan's aircraft, pilots and tactics. He pleaded with all the agencies

(Continued on page 56)



The inscription on an American's jacket back announces, "This foreigner has come to assist China, and all Chinese people should afford him the utmost coöperation"

Too Much Trouble



DETECTIVE SERGEANT JIM CASEY, Michigan State Police, halted at the crossroad and drove his car into a small thicket of willows and kinnikinnik. The March thaw had taken most of the snow but the evening air still bit with a wintry tooth. Daylight was draining fast as Casey snapped off his radio, took flashlamp and ignition key and stood a moment in the car's shadow, turning over in his mind the queer business that brought him here.

"If it's a wild goose chase I'll bat the ears off that kraut," he told himself glumly, but added at once, "only it can't be. It adds up too nice. It's the real thing."

A car whirled past on State Road 22 and skidded around the bend. Casey glowered after it and remarked to the willows that there was a baby who'd

By
**KARL
DETZER**

soon be hollering for new tires. Then he turned into the sideroad and tramped down the steep, rutted grade. His step was both heavy and unhurried; a man learns after twenty years on the force that you meet up with trouble soon enough without running toward it.

Besides, there was good reason not to hurry. He had a mile to go and a full half-hour to cover that distance. By then it would be dark enough to walk right up to Bohne's farmhouse without anybody seeing him. Meanwhile there was time to go over his plans

once more, to ask himself again those bothering questions.

The whole business, so far as it concerned Casey, began at eleven o'clock this morning. At that quiet Sabbath hour he happened to be sitting alone at the watch desk in the Traverse City post, reading the morning paper while he filled in for the trooper on duty, gone out for ham and eggs. He planned to start back at noon to his headquarters at East Lansing with the report that he had wasted four days . . . there weren't any Germans or Japs that he could find up here in the woods sending radio messages.

Then he heard the jalopy with one broken tire chain rattling against a fender, saw it stop at the front curb and the driver climb out of it.

"Um," Casey grunted, "poor guy's in trouble." For the man was standing looking in at the post as if half afraid to approach the door, half afraid not to. Finally he came forward uncertainly, pushing his galoshes reluctantly along the walk.



Suddenly he clutched the swimmer's wet coat tightly

But the sergeant was not prepared for the kind of trouble the fellow brought. He stood in the door, holding his black hat in both big-knuckled hands while Casey quickly sized him up. He was past middle age, under middle height, a steady, hard-working sort who'd been hungry more than once. His clothes were neat but well worn and he was freshly shaved.

"What can I do for you, sir?" Casey asked.

"Mister, I got to speak with a policeman," the caller said. His accent was German, his voice rusty as if long unused.

"That's me, sir," Casey replied. "I'm a policeman. What can I . . . ?" Golly, this guy was scared! You could almost see him tremble. Casey pushed over a chair but the caller ignored it. Instead he eyed Casey's civilian clothes distrustfully a moment before he spoke.

"*Mein* name, it is John Bohne. I am much needing help. It is about the stranger by my farm."

Casey carefully folded his newspaper and sat down on it.

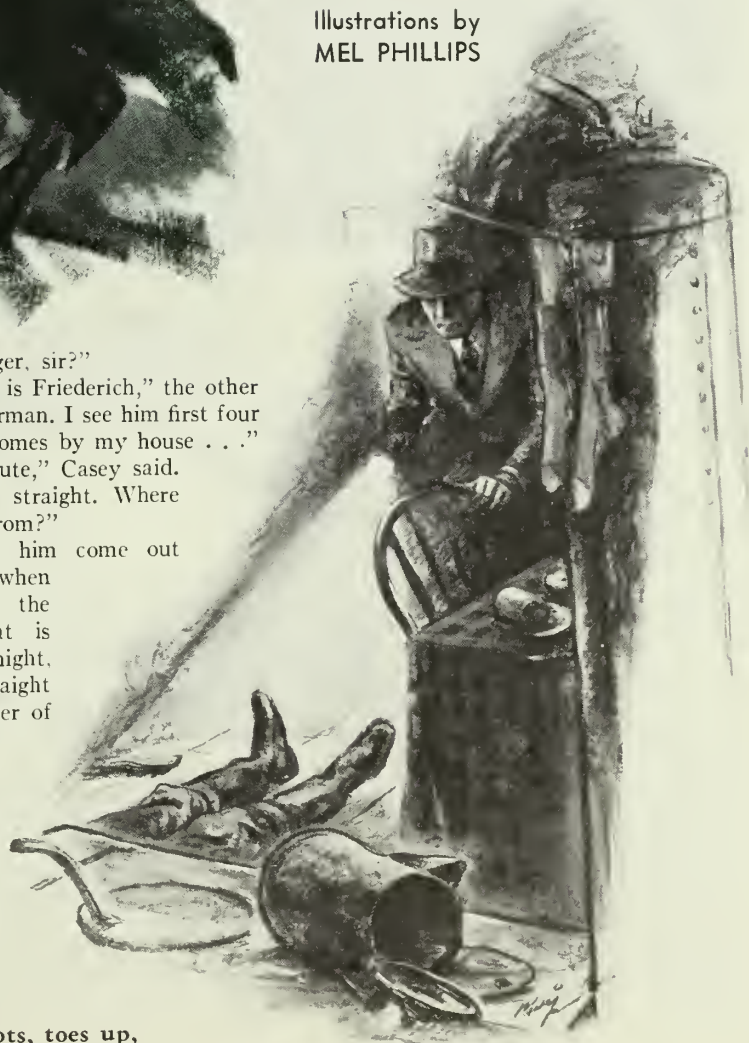
"What stranger, sir?"

"His name it is Friederich," the other said. "He is German. I see him first four days ago. He comes by my house . . ."

"Wait a minute," Casey said.

"Let's get this straight. Where did he come from?"

"First I see him come out from woodlot when I go to feed the stock. *Ja*, that is the Thursday night, before dark. Straight across the corner of



A pair of boots, toes up, sticking out from behind the cloth

the potato forty he comes. He has not the politeness to knock, just go up step and in door."

"Thursday evening?" Casey repeated. "Where's this farm of yours at, anyhow?"

"By Gumpert's Lake," Bohne said, and Casey's eyebrows started to lift but he held them firmly in place and looked blandly across the desk. For Thursday evening he'd been over in that neighborhood himself. And this story, so far, sort of fitted into the job that had brought him north in the first place.

Federal radio listening posts, over several weeks, had been hearing short bursts of dots and dashes on the air, like code tapped out on a crude wireless set. And although they could not be sure, they guessed that the sound came from somewhere in this part of Michigan. There certainly wasn't much any Jap or German would want up here. Of course, a small concentration camp of enemy prisoners was hidden in the woods near Houghton Lake, but if anyone besides the Army and the police knew just where, or how many prisoners were there, Casey would be surprised. There'd been no escapes from it, either.

(Continued on page 48)

Illustrations by
MEL PHILLIPS

Rear-Admiral David Stockton McDougal, who as a Captain commanded the U. S. S. *Wyoming*



ice which had its beginning back in the days of the Revolutionary War.

Occurring on the opposite side of the globe while the United States was occupied with a civil war at home, it created little or no excitement at the time. In fact, beyond a few paragraphs in the newspapers the country knew little or nothing of McDougal's exploit. The commander's report to his government, consisting of only a few hundred words, conveyed no idea of the real splendor of the achievement.

Early in the Civil War the *Wyoming* was detached from the Union blockading squadron and ordered to Panama, where she received a new complement of officers and men. At this time the regular captain of the *Wyoming* was assigned to other duties. He was succeeded by Captain David McDougal, an efficient and conservative officer who had seen service on many seas for thirty-two of his fifty-four years. He was regarded in naval circles as a man upon whom great responsibility might be placed with confidence.

Among his officers were George W. Young, who subsequently became a commander; William Barton, afterward president of the Maryland National Bank at Cambridge, Maryland, then a young man in charge of the forward division; Master John C. Mills who was in charge of the after guns; Surgeon E. R. Denby, Paymaster George Cochran, Phillip Inch and Ensign Walter Pierce.

While at Panama the *Wyoming* received orders to cruise in eastern seas,

A Gap-Slap OF 1863

SOME years ago a Japanese statesman, in conversation with a United States naval officer, made this startling statement:

"On the day Commodore Perry sailed into our harbors in 1854, we decided to be a sea power. We studied every form of government. Then we took Bismarck's as our model—only with us, instead of a Prussian army, the navy, with its control of the seas, will be our tool for expansion."

But years before this the Japanese had decided to be overlords of the Orient, and to exclude all Western powers. It was because of this policy, back in 1863, that the Japs received their first licking from a United States naval unit—a bright chapter in our naval history,

By
**HARRY
VAN DEMARK**

but one, strangely, of which most Americans are in ignorance.

No United States history mentions that the U. S. S. *Wyoming*, commanded by Captain David McDougal, fought a daring and successful engagement in the Straits of Shimonoseki, off the southwest coast of Japan, thus adding another chapter to the glorious record of the Stars and Stripes on foreign seas, and upholding a proud tradition of our naval serv-

keeping a strict watch for Confederate privateers, which were raiding Federal commerce so successfully that American residents in Japan felt hopelessly cut off from Uncle Sam's protection.

The *Wyoming* reached Hong Kong early in 1863, having encountered no enemy vessels, though it was afterward learned that she had narrowly missed the Confederate raider *Alabama*.

At this time Japan was a hotbed of revolution. The armed forces of the government and the revolutionists confronted each other in and about the city of Kioto, at which place the disturbance centered, Tokio having long since lost its prestige.

They were eager to dispel from the "land of the gods," as they termed Japan, all "ugly barbarians," a title lavished upon all foreigners, and an imperial edict had been issued that all such persons be

at once expelled from the country and her ports closed to foreign commerce. (Though a peaceful settlement of the difficulty was anticipated, the revolt then in progress was a forerunner of the Japanese civil war of 1868, when feudalism and old Japan sank into oblivion and the new era that eventually made Japan a formidable power was born.)

In April, Captain McDougal received word from the Hon. Robert H. Pruyn, American minister to Japan, to bring the *Wyoming* to Yokohama. American lives were in a precarious situation as long as incendiarism and assassination reigned. At Yokohama the *Wyoming* took on board all Americans residing in that city to await a time when shelter ashore under the warship's guns could be assured.

No sooner had the barbarian-expelling edict been issued than Mori, Prince of Nagato, who was guardian of the Straits of Shimonoseki, decided to begin a war on his own account. In a short time he had gathered near the town of Shimonoseki, a place of some 18,000 inhabitants, a force of workmen who, under the supervision of native engineers, threw up strong earthworks commanding the straits. Behind the earthworks cannon platforms were erected, each mounting

from two to seven guns, ranging from twelve-pounders to eighteen-inch Dahlgrens.

Not yet satisfied that he had established himself lord of the neighboring seas, Prince Mori purchased for \$160,000, \$45,000 and \$22,000 respectively, the iron steamer *Lancefield*, 600 tons, the clipper-built brig *Lanrick*, and the bark *Daniel Webster*. On the steamer he mounted a battery of twenty-four pounders. The brig received an armament of ten and the little bark came in for seven.

At the mastheads of his fleet the prince hoisted the flag of Japan. Having satisfied himself that he was at last master of the situation, he ventured to fire upon the American merchant steamer *Pembroke*, which anchored in the straits one night to await slack water. No one was injured. But as a result of this little frolic of one of his subjects the mikado, upon complaint of the United States Government, paid an indemnity of \$12,000.

The next vessel to be honored with attention from the prince was a French dispatch boat, the *Kien-Chang*, which also anchored in the straits to await the turn of the tide. After being hit in seven

places and having a boat which was lowered to inquire into the cause for the hostilities smashed by the prince's gunfire, causing several deaths, the *Kien-Chang* made all haste out of the straits and arrived at Nagasaki in a sinking condition.

There her captain informed the captain of the Dutch frigate *Medusa* of what had transpired. The latter immediately raised anchor and departed for Shimonoseki, well prepared for war. After engaging the prince's fortifications for an hour and a half, the frigate was forced to withdraw, having been hit thirty-one times by large shells.

Shortly after this the French gunboat *Tancrede* was hit in three places while steaming peacefully through the straits.

Then the prince mistook a Satsuma steamer for a hostile warship and sank her with a big loss of life. By this time it was painfully apparent that Japanese marksmanship was not to be despised.

Before the news of these hostilities reached Yokohama, Captain McDougal was ordered to return to the United States via the Straits of Sunda. Thus, on July 11th, when the Japanese government gave out the true facts regarding

(Continued on page 46)



During the battle of the Straits of Shimonoseki, Japan, the U. S. S. *Wyoming* blows up the Japanese ship *Lancefield*. The scene as depicted by a Chinese artist

YOU CAN HELP THE F.B.I.

and here's how



Special agents of the FBI getting the feel of the Thompson sub-machine gun on the range

By **FRED B. BARTON**

SITTING across from the desk of J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, I noticed that while he looked and acted as when I had seen him two years ago, there was more grimness in his speech. The head of the nation's G-Men has watched the building of this country's war preparations and knows America is fighting for its very existence—the existence of all the democratic principles of a free people.

I was grim, too. I was there to find out just what we Legionnaires and other citizens might do in the war effort, since most of us are beyond the age limit for active military service.

"Mr. Hoover," I began, "I'm one of maybe a million Legionnaires who are full of patriotism but who have been told in one way or another that we're too old to help win this war. We understand that only a young man's kidneys can stand the shaking and jolting inside a tank. We know that modern mechanized war demands youth; that a modern flyer is 'too old' almost at 25, let alone 45 or 55. But we want to do something. Of course we're buying and selling War Bonds and Stamps, we're active in the O. C. D. and we're doing a lot of other worthwhile things. But we're not satisfied, and we won't be satisfied so long as we don't see our side winning. So I wish you'd tell the whole million of us, Mr. Hoover, this one thing: **WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP WIN THE WAR?**"

The head of the world's greatest intelligence service operating without the use of subterfuge or coercion nodded thoughtfully and commented: "You men can do one big thing in your home communities and that is, help the country keep calm. Don't be hysterical yourselves and don't do anything that

encourages the spread of hysteria. Every country that Hitler has invaded and conquered he first rotted away by enemy agents and spies, followed up by every known device to spread terror and weaken that country's faith in its own defenses. The belief sprang up that Hitler's armies were supermen, endowed with fiendish abilities, and that nothing human could stop them. That fear was a big help to Hitler. We must make up our minds not to repeat every rumor we hear—not to be needlessly terrified. While we should not let ourselves be lulled into a false sense of security, we must not become hysterical.

"Fighting this war is a business, and we must do it in a businesslike way. The actual fighting itself is done by men in armed forces. We who stay at home have just as big a job to do. It is not always exciting. It is not glamorous. We can help win the war by doing our day's job a little better, by helping those about us keep faith in their constituted authorities, and by refraining from gossip-mongering."

A relatively small number of the fires and explosions which have been reported in the papers thus far have been the result of sabotage, Mr. Hoover explained. The men of the FBI have been investigating every explosion and fire



Director J. Edgar Hoover

and the majority of these have been due to the fact that industry has been rapidly speeding up to meet the war demands. New and inexperienced employees in some of the nation's defense industries have been necessarily assigned to technical jobs, and safety precautions in some instances have been overlooked or ignored. So far the FBI has found no evidence of foreign-inspired sabotage.

There have, of course, been some acts of sabotage. The FBI found some perpetrated by employees in an attempt to get even with unpopular foremen, fellow workers or the company. Others were the result of plain carelessness.

During March, 1941, a large foundry handling several million dollars in defense contracts was swept by a fire which gutted its pattern shop and caused a loss of \$1,500,000 and a serious delay in time. The immediate supposition was that this fire was started by enemy agents. Actually, a little searching brought out the information that a group of small boys had been playing with fire around the pattern shop and had actually carried into the building tin cans containing burning scraps of paper. The wooden patterns easily caught fire, and the blaze quickly got out of control. The children were frightened and ran, without turning in a fire alarm.

In June, 1941, for instance, an



The fingerprint files of the F.B.I.'s Identification Division, a godsend to local and state police



The X-ray disclosed this bomb planted in a wooden box

airplane plant discovered that one of its lathes was frozen tight because water glass had been smeared over the joints and had hardened. It looked like sabotage. Inquiry, however, brought forth the information that water glass was used for certain purposes in the vicinity of the lathe and that both water glass and oil were kept in identical cans, which were marked with

soiled identification tags. In fact, one employee kept at his bench two one-gallon cans, one containing lubricating oil and the other water glass.

It developed that on the day of the accident the workman having charge of the lathe went to these cans containing the soiled tags and filled his own oil can. This employee admitted that he did not observe the difference in the tags and was not sure which can contained the lubricating oil. It was apparent that what had been reported as a possible act of sabotage was merely due to the carelessness of the company in placing oil in a can similar to that containing water glass.

Mr. Hoover mentioned some other mysterious events which were very easily explained causes once someone had checked into them. Stupidity and negligence had been apparent in some cases, and these had been costly and regret-

(Continued on page 36)



Tracer bullets in night firearms training show the agents are on the target



MRS. PIEBALD

Swooping down on the tiny skunk and getting well away before the mother could intervene

THE steep side of the gully, clad irregularly with tree and bush growth and showing here and there water-washed patches of naked earth, had greened miraculously during the first few days of the early spring warmth. The leaf mould was dotted thickly with anemone and dog-tooth violet, with now and then a patch of peeping grass; and high over all the livening maples and poplars draped their misty pink and silver canopy.

Near the roots of an

ancient beech a small round tunnel opening showed black against the browns and greens of the slope. At its lip the soil that had come from it formed a tiny hillock, long since beaten smooth and firm by busy trampling feet. Its excavator had been a wood-chuck, but a year or more ago he had abandoned his home, which another denizen of the gully now occupied.

In the dusk of the day a little ebon piglike snout poked itself out of the hole. The face that came after

the nose was parted in the middle, so to speak, by a narrow white stripe between the eyes, and the body that followed was of a glossy black except for the pure white band running from the nape down either side to the tail. The tail formed a graceful plume, which was carried proudly aloft, its long hair black on top and white on the under side and at the tip.

More danger for the youngsters in this craftiest of the woodland folk



The animal walked flat-footed, like a bear or raccoon, and the short forelegs and longer hind ones gave the back a rather high arch; and this structure was the cause of its droll mincing gait as the little beast ambled forth. No hesitancy marked its demeanor in coming out into the open; calmly confident of its ability to take care of itself, it disdained the precautions of sniffing the breeze and searching the surroundings with apprehensive eyes for enemy signs, as is the custom of most four-footed wildings, before crossing its threshold.

It was breakfast time for the mother skunk. Back there in the den were her seven hungry babies, naked as yet of fur, but marked with the pattern of the black and white coats they soon would be wearing; and their eyes and ears were not yet open to the sights and sounds of the woodland world to which they had been born only a few days before.

The skunk's appetite was keen, for the drain upon her body by the seven growing youngsters kept her in a continual state of hunger. At the edge of the rivulet that ran through the gully she pounced on a lethargic frog just emerged from its winter hibernation and ate it greedily. A few scurrying crayfish were drawn out from among the pebbles and crunched, and the shells sucked dry of the sweet meat. Several grubs unearthed from beneath stones which she turned over with her handy forepaws joined the repast; but her needs were not satisfied until she had seized an unwary mouse that was seeking its own breakfast in a clump of rustling last year's grass. Its life ended in a squeak of terror as the needle teeth met in its neck. When she had added it to her menu the mother skunk was ready to return to her family.

Tiny as mice when born, the baby skunks grew amazingly with the ample nourishment and unceasing care lavished upon them. Soon their eyes opened to the dim lights and shadows of their burrow home, and a little later they became aware of the slight sounds about them—not much else than the

rustling of their own snugglings and the patter of their mother's feet as she left and returned to the nest.

They had no acquaintance with their father. He had left his mate some-time before their arrival, not as a base deserter of family ties, but strictly according to skunk etiquette, which decrees the paternal parent's absence prior to such an event. His leave-taking had been unmistakably encouraged by his spouse shortly after the awakening from their uneasy winter slumbers in the hollow beneath a stone wall. Later on, in their children's adolescence, he probably would join the circle; but for the present the mother would undertake the responsibilities of their infancy, rearing them in the snug quarters she had discovered during her house-hunting to which she set herself once he had gone about his business.

About the time the babies' eyes opened the skunk mother suffered a misadventure which came very near to proving fatal in its effects upon herself and her young.

At dawn one morning on her return from a night of foraging she was ascending a gentle declivity, when she espied directly in her path an animal that seemingly possessed much the same views as herself concerning the inviolability of one's right-of-way. The skunk is the most supercilious creature of the woods and fields; cocksure in his awareness of the deference his peculiar means of defense has bred through the animal ages in all the inhabitants of his domain—not excepting man himself—he is not of an inclination to run from any living thing.

And only when prudence seems advisable will he deign to alter his course, and then in a manner dignified and slow, alert to resent further interference.

This habit of refraining from any evidence of alarm at the approach of foes brings into his existence what may be either a pleasurable spice of combat, or the performance of an unpleasant duty—on this point naturalists are not wholly agreed. For once in the lifetime of nearly every animal—again including man—that lives within measurable distance of a skunk's home pastures, there arrives the educational experience that acts as certain insurance against a repetition of rash action.

Young wildings, puppies, small boys, upon their first sight of the trim little peddler of essences are, unless warned by an older and wiser guardian, impressed either by the apparent defenselessness, friendliness, or innocence of the creature, and are impelled to such advances as their respective natures dictate. And the result of this indiscretion is inevitably that whole-souled respect for the skunk's desire for unopposed thoroughfare that guides them in future meetings during the balance of their lives.

And second in superciliousness and demand for the freedom of the forest is the porcupine, that querulous little bayonet-clad disputant of four-foot trails. The bristling array of barbed points which he wears upon his coat brings to him a comforting sense of safety that is seldom misplaced—though it is true he has his vulnerable spots. Serenely confident of his claims to the middle-of-the-road, he enforces them among his less active enemies with a splendid arrogance.

The animal that the mother skunk discerned in her path, descending it as she was making the ascent, was a porcupine. At first sight the two forces of a like ancestral principle continued to advance upon each other without a shade of hesitancy in the gait of either; though in the eyes of each grew a baleful light kindled by the same impulse to pursue the direct line of its progress. The beady, stupid eyes of the porcupine glittered with resolution, while those of the skunk reddened and flashed with fury as she

(Continued on page 39)

By **WILLIAM
GERARD
CHAPMAN**

Illustrations by
PAUL BRANSON



JIU JITSU HOOEY

By

**CHARLES
B. ROTH**

SINCE the advent of war with Japan there have been a good many curious misbeliefs about the enemy adduced and championed in this country, but I think the most ludicrous one is that the Japanese are a formidable people because they have a mysterious super-science in their jiu jitsu. That very word strikes fear into the heart of many Americans, because for the past forty years there has been a carefully-built-up belief that the little yellow man has discovered a great secret about self-defense that no one else has ever been able to fathom.

As everyone knows jiu jitsu is the Japanese system of defending oneself without the use of other weapons than the bare hands. It consists of a science of trips, falls, jerks, wrenches, twists and blows. It is the national sport of Japan.

The tradition of the invincibility of jiu jitsu sprang up more than forty years ago when some promoter brought a troupe of Japanese jiu jitsuans from Japan and sent them around the country giving exhibitions. A big fanfare of press agency went ahead of these matches and the mystery of the secret science of the Orient was not suppressed. Americans became goggle-eyed as they read that an adept in this science, though he weighed no more than 100 pounds, could easily with a simple twist of the wrist unman a 200-pound American athlete—could even kill him if he chose. With just a twist of the wrist!

The matches which the public beheld were spectacular, for the jacketed little athletes threw one another around with abandon. No one was hurt. But it looked awfully dangerous to the spectators. Wherefore arose the tradition that this jiu jitsu was a super-system, that jiu jitsuans were supermen and dangerous, that all Japanese were jiu jitsu experts and that against the jiu jitsuans, guns and knives and clubs and machine guns and poison gas were impotent.

Jiu jitsu traces back centuries. It was devised by the ancient commoners of Japan. As I understand the story, these commoners were not allowed the use of weapons but their aristocratic enemies had swords and clubs. To compete on even terms they had to devise a bare-handed defense against armed men. Jiu jitsu was their solution.



A Los Angeles Jap, flat on his back, tumbles a fellow countryman who thought he was winning the bout

The science of jiu jitsu itself is not fathomless or difficult to understand, is not even interesting, but the philosophy behind the science is. Lafcadio Hearn pointed out in 1895 that, "Much more than a science of defense is this jiu jitsu: it is a philosophical system; it is an economical system; it is an ethical system; and it is, above all, the expres-

sion of a racial genius as yet but faintly perceived by those Powers who dream of further aggrandizement in the East." What he meant by calling it a philosophical system is that the principle behind the science is the national philosophy of Japan—or was, because the philosophy has changed of late. For the word "jiu jitsu" means "conquer by

yielding." And the trained jiu jitsuan yields to his enemy's thrust or blow and then uses the enemy's own strength to undo him.

In Japan much is made of jiu jitsu training and boys are sent to school for four years to perfect their skill. The fortunate ones who survive and pass difficult tests become members of the order of the "Black Belt," a signal honor in any Japanese boy's life. The jiu jitsuans compete on a mat. They wear heavy canvas jackets with long flowing sleeves and a strong canvas belt. The jackets are open in the front, and the contestants take hold of each other with one hand on the belt and the other on the lapel of the jacket. Then they twist and trip and throw each other around. That is jiu jitsu.

The fact about the science, however, is that while it is a very effective system of attack against an untrained man and that a jiu jitsuan can easily overcome a much larger man if the much larger man isn't schooled in taking care of himself in personal combat, there is nothing which a trained boxer or wrestler, particularly a wrestler, needs to fear at the hands of any jiu jitsuan. I know that when I make a statement like this a good many uninformed people will repeat old saws about how one little Jap can put away half a dozen big Americans, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. But the facts show that in actual combat an American wrestler can beat a jiu jitsuan easily. They've been doing it for years.

First man to venture on the mat with one of these supermen was grand little George Bothner, still living in New

York City. For years Bothner was lightweight wrestling champion of the world. An invading Japanese champion came to America and the two met. Bothner was under the handicap of entering a strange element, for the Jap insisted on using jackets, and Bothner hadn't ever seen, let alone worn, a jiu jitsu jacket. Even so it wasn't much of a match. The Jap got a foul stranglehold on Bothner once and had him in trouble, but Bothner wriggled out and threw the Jap on his back and held him there helpless. This put a temporary crimp in the superman myth, but it soon bobbed up again. It has been bobbing up ever since.

The late Farmer Burns of Omaha, undoubtedly the greatest wrestling virtuoso the world has ever known, was telling

me that he had wrestled over a hundred matches with jiu jitsuans during his long career of 7,000 matches.

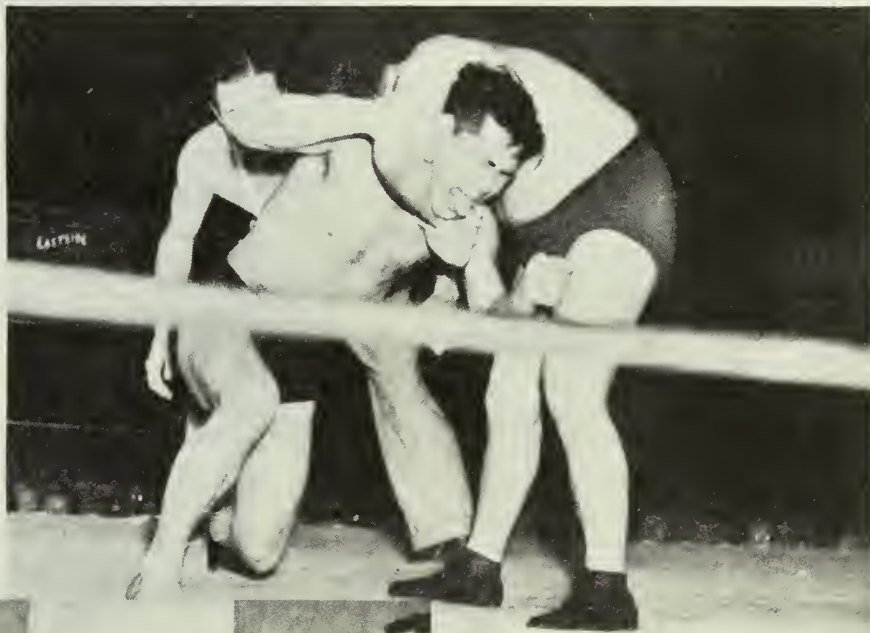
"Ever lose one?"

"I should say not! I never even lost a point."

"How come? I thought these Japs were full of tricks and very strong and skillful."

"These matches I had with 'em were under the rules of nothing barred," said the venerable old American champion, "not even their so-called deadly throttle and strangle holds. But I never had the slightest bit of trouble beating the best of them. Shucks, they are easy to the man who knows how to move around and take care of himself."

Burns wasn't boasting. He wasn't that kind of man.



Wrestler George Zaharias clamps a headlock on a Jap who tried to prove Jiu Jitsu was good, but wound up biting his tongue



U. S. Army M. P.'s getting instruction in the holds the Nipponese use

I also remember a match held in Denver between Frank Gotch, heavyweight wrestling champion, and five Japs. Read over the number again—I want to make sure you understand Gotch's handicap. There were five against one, about the same ratio General MacArthur had in the Philippines. Gotch weighed 215 pounds; the Japs' total weight was 630 pounds. Gotch, fast as lightning, strong as a water buffalo, came out of the corner and the little Japanese army came out of their corner. Two Japs attacked him at once. One he picked up bodily and threw over the ropes, the other he slammed down so hard he lay unconscious in the center of the ring. The other three Japs mixed in the affray. No one could describe afterward just
(Continued on page 38)

AT FOURTEEN thousand feet altitude, in the little mining camp of Cerro de Pasco, Peru, even life itself was sometimes a dubious break. Men faced death in a dozen ways in the big copper mines under the frozen rocks, as some of them had eyed him face to face at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne.

Lonesome perhaps and not unmindful of old memories, fifteen veterans in 1921 established the first Legion Post in Peru. They called it "Top o' the World Post No. 1." Men far from home and paved streets and things of civilized life shook hands and asked few questions. Honorable discharges, service records, commissions were scarce in a land where a pair of saddlebags, or at best, a battered suitcase was home, sweet home with all the trimmings.

An ex-serviceman's statement as to service was enough. A speaking acquaintance with Generals Vin Blanc and Vin Rouge or an assortment of French postcards established A. E. F. service beyond all shadow of doubt. The mining company furnished a snug clubroom for employes whose organization and existence meant added insurance to an immense investment in a foreign land.

Old timers "on the hill," rugged remnants of Panama Canal days, drifters from "Chookie," remittance men, beachcombers, miners, starry-eyed young engineers—fresh from college—they all regarded with added respect the little group of veterans, who met twice a month, grim-eyed and serious.

To the Legionnaire, the Post was a sort of shrine or home on the long dreary nights when the wind came down off the Andes cold enough to freeze the feathers on a brass monkey.

Friendships began at Cerro—friendships that couldn't be broken at the mere frown of conventionality. "For God and Country we associate ourselves together" . . . and yet. . .

By

**JOHN K.
WALSH**



Judgment

Illustrations by
O. F. SCHMIDT

In 1921 an airplane arrived by freight on the old Ferro Carril that slowly crept up the standard gauge to Cerro. The caboose unloaded a fiery little French officer who, in eloquent Gallic, punctuated with groans caused by the Soroche, or mountain sickness, explained that he would win the Grand Prix, offered by the West Coast *Leader News* to the first aviator to take off at ten thousand feet and fly over the Andes down to Lima. The Post welcomed him with appropriate ceremonies. Pisco was recommended as a cure for Soroche.

It was a big day in Cerro when, after a dozen fruitless tries, his unwieldy crate finally gripped, wavered, slowly mounted, and then circled the town. Cholos in the hills flopped to their knees. Even some of the older hard-boiled gringos, who had not been back to the States in thirty years, or seen an airplane, watched the foolhardy devil with bulging eyes. When he had disappeared over the horizon, they returned with renewed fervor to the nearest cantina.

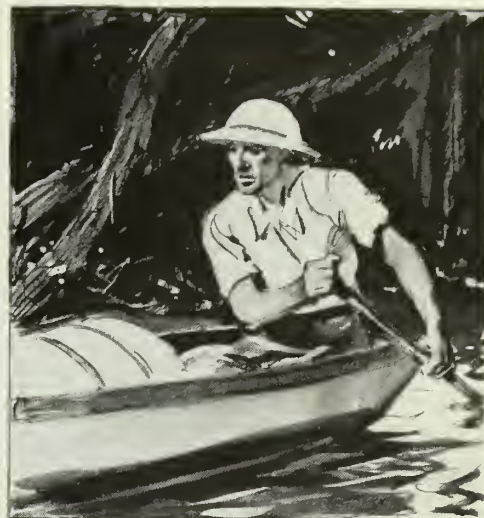
All afternoon there was a fever of anxiety in Cerro. Suppose the motor



It was a big day in Cerro when, after a dozen fruitless tries, the little Frenchman finally got his unwieldy crate off the ground

failed? Suppose ice muffled the flimsy wings? Suppose—in the fog and mist of the Rimac valley, the lone flyer lost his way and crashed into the silent, eternal hills. Down, and he would be forever lost. There were no paths, or roadways; a landing within sight of the railroad might only be a slower death, with yawning chasms intervening between shelter and food, and aid. The Frenchman had

"This man is a deliberate liar! I charge that he never was a soldier, a sailor or Marine in the service of the United States"



his slicker he produced the expected cartons of American cigarettes that every exile on the hill immediately purchased from any Yankee ships that were in Callao Bay. The tax on tobacco, except what was grown in Peru, made Camels, Chesterfields and Luckies a princely luxury, obtainable only by smuggling. In fact, that was one of the main reasons for a vacation; go to Callao, and stock up on tobacco. Doc Crane, probably sniffing the breeze as he came by, entered the room.

"Glad you dropped in, Doc," said Warne, eagerly. "I was just going to call you."

"What's the matter? Soroche?"

"No—no—"

"What th'—don't tell me you've got yourself in trouble."

"No, Doc, I want to see you as Commander of the Post, not as a medico."

"Well. Gimme a cigarette."

Warne tossed him the open pack, struck a match, held it for him. Both men sucked hungrily, in silence.

"Did any of you birds here in the Post ever think that some of us, or even several of us, might be phonies?" began Warne, suddenly.

"Whaddaya mean?"

"Well, that we could be having someone in the Post here who was not eligible, who was not a veteran?"

"Yes—that might be," replied Doc, slowly. "Yet, why would anyone join like that? What could he make out of it? It doesn't make sense."

Warne continued. "I went over a list of all the members—those of us that had shown honorable discharges, I eliminated. The rest I checked with the company records at Lima—when they were hired, where they came from, recommendations, previous occupations, and so on. I sent this revised list to the Legion national headquarters, and asked that they, in turn, check all names with the Adjutant General. I got his answer today. That's why I came up the hill tonight special, on the ore train."

"What did it say?" came several eager

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known this, had taken no food, no supplies. Either he would cross over the Peaks and slide down the West Coast with no trouble at all, or else—

At four o'clock, a telegram came up the hill; the plane had arrived safely.

Top o' the World Post was justly proud. Not that the Post had sponsored the event, or had even aided. But, after all, the little Frenchman was a war service flyer, a brother-in-arms, and the Post had seen what theretofore no one else in the world had ever seen—a take-off at 14,000 feet altitude. The West Coast *Leader* invited a representative of the Post to come down to Lima for a celebration. It was tall, taciturn, thoughtful Warne, the company auditor, who, com-

binning this opportunity with a long deferred vacation, went down the hill.

About a week or so later, the midnight ore train puffed up the tracks, and with screaming wheels circled the bodega and headed for the roundhouse. Ordinarily, it carried no passengers. Tonight it eased up as it passed the clubhouse. Warne got off, and came directly to the Legion rooms, where he knew, by the light in the windows, that some of the boys were still wooing the goddess of chance.

As he entered, he glanced quickly about the room—only MacHardy, Fenwick and a few more were there. He answered the usual wisecracks about the fleshpots of the big capital in a rather vague, preoccupied way. As he took off



The plane taxied to the ramp;
came kisses and clinging arms

Widower's Woes

By

GEORGE E.
MAGEE

JOHN SHANE, fifty, retired broker and a widower, had a problem. It concerned himself, and his daughters who would be coming home at almost any time now.

Indeed, he already heard his eldest, Sybil, laughing at something Ralph Moore shouted as he roared away from the curb.

Kit, who worked for a dentist, would be coming next. He wondered what had happened to Jim Potter who hadn't been around lately.

Jane, senior in high school, dreamy-eyed and in love with a nice boy learning to be an aviator, sometimes forgot about eating when she got a letter.

John Shane smiled through steam as he shook the potatoes sharply and decided to mash them. It was nice to be in love.

The door slammed. Sybil, her brown eyes sparkling—she looked a lot like her mother—ran into the kitchen. "Hi, Pops," she cried. "Smells good!"

Pops grinned. "Apple pie." His heart

jumped as it always did when her voice sounded like her mother's, but he noted that the greeting was automatic, as if he might have been a well-loved servant.

Sybil called over a rounded shoulder as she turned into the hall. "Hold everything; I got to fix my hair. I'm going in to Los to a show with Ralph."

He picked up the evening paper with a little sag in his shoulders. The steak would grow cold. If the girls were ever to learn anything he'd have to get out from under.

He heard Kit tap down the hall and call through the bathroom door to Syb. "I know where you're going. You promised if you could wear my green dress, you'd make Ralph take me. I'll pay my way, honest!"

Girls seemed in no hurry to get married now.

Jane came in. "He can't get leave this week end," she wailed.

"Too bad."

Jane stuck out her tongue. The telephone rang. Her face lightened as she answered, "Oh, hello, Bill. No, he can't come. Sure. Seven-thirty. See you."

She turned from the 'phone. "When we eat? Bill's asked me to the school dance."

"I'm ready," said Pops, wanting to eat while the steak was still juicy.

After dinner, Jane planted a kiss on the top of his reddish, slightly waving hair. "Buy you a lollypop, Pops," she promised, laughing.

His thought went back as he potted about. He had made enough money at forty-five to retire. Life had been very good for a couple of years. The itch to write came strongly on him, and he had sold a few stories. Stacking the dishes automatically, he planned to get away.

So he found a place for Jane in a good family, the Selbys, got a director's job in a C. C. C. Camp, and after seeing Sybil and Kit settled in a small apart-

ment, took up his work with the eager boys. The first few weeks were bad. Probably some of his loneliness got into his early letters. But in six months he was so satisfied that he felt guilty. There was one thing that worried him.

Finally came a joint letter from the girls in which they had it all planned. He must come home. They would open the house again. "I get so lonely for you, Dad," wrote Jane. "Mr. Selby doesn't like poetry. Could I come up and see you in vacation?"

Tears burned in his eyes. It was the cry of a lost child. He could write and run the house. With sudden understanding, he telephoned that he was coming. The gladness of their voices as they took turns at the 'phone shook him.

There had been no doubts in his mind then. But that was three years ago. Three happy years, but three very wrong years. If he had stayed away, Sybil would now be making a home of her own. Kit would probably be married to Jim Potter. Jane would have learned enough of men to know that her young aviator was exceptional. But as it was, none of the girls knew or appeared to care about learning to manage a home. They wouldn't make good wives.

IT WAS going to be hard to leave this time, but he knew he had to go.

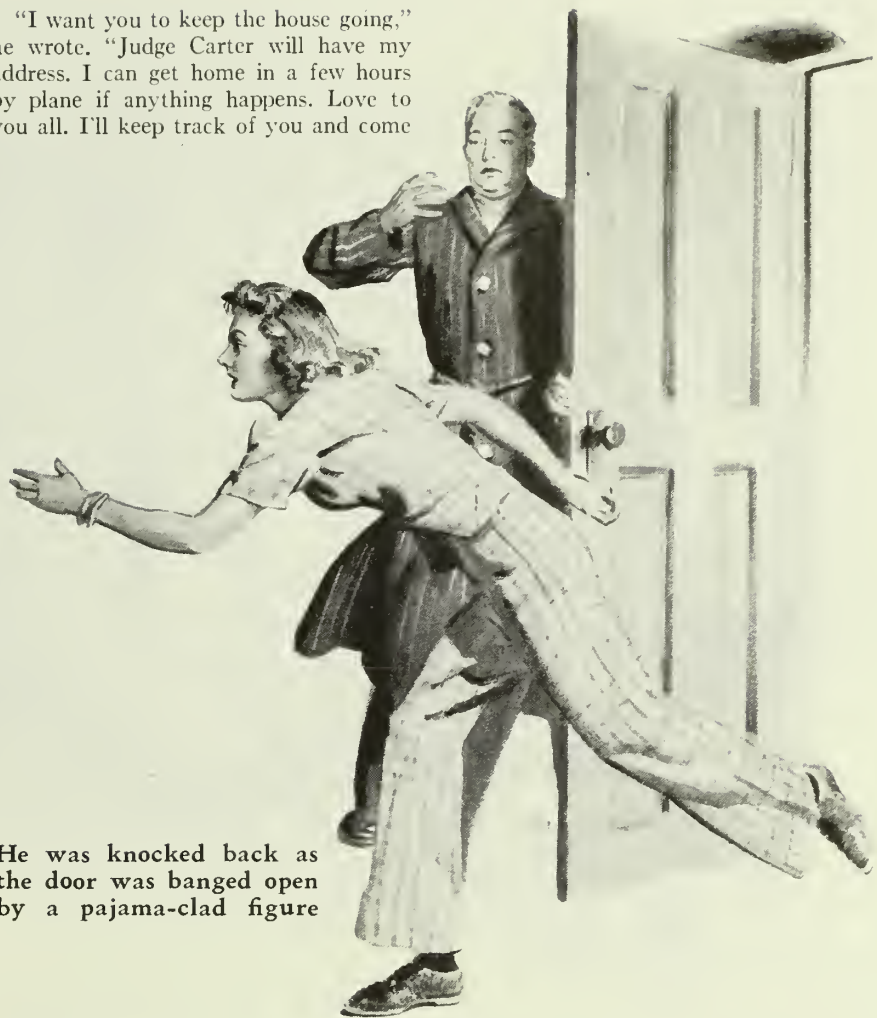
A car honked at the door as he wiped the sink. Sybil and Kit ran out.

He went to his room to type off a letter of farewell.

Another horn sounded. Jane poked her yellow head in the door. "See you, Pops," she promised.

"See you, Pops," she always said as if wanting assurance that he'd be there when she returned. He had a moment of weakness. "Don't let Bill drive too fast," he warned. Bill had too much money; too much car for a boy. He wasn't solid like the young aviator. Perhaps he ought to explain to her. He hardened his heart. They must learn to stand on their own feet. The horn tugged Jane out of the room. He began to write.

"I want you to keep the house going," he wrote. "Judge Carter will have my address. I can get home in a few hours by plane if anything happens. Love to you all. I'll keep track of you and come



He was knocked back as the door was banged open by a pajama-clad figure

back in a year or so to see how you are doing." He'd mail the letter on the train.

He got an extra good breakfast for them next morning. But of course they didn't notice. He gave Jane an extra dollar for lunch money, pretending that he had forgotten.

"See you, Pops," she cried as she gathered her books.

"See you," he assured, adding mentally, "in a year."

He fought down a queer hope that they couldn't get along without him, that they'd track him down. He packed

his trunk, called a taxi and went to the depot to buy his ticket for Taos.

He certainly didn't feel good on the train. A man doing the right thing ought to feel free and gay. He didn't. He kept hearing "See you, Pops," until the rising inflection became a torture. He smoked too much. Finally he joined a bridge game and lost three dollars. He read over the story he was working on. It wasn't good. He wanted with all his heart to go back.

BUT at Taos the sun was very bright, the tourist court where the taxi driver dumped him, clean and attractive. A woman ran it.

"I'm Mrs. Murphy," she twinkled, her full breasts shaking with an inner laughter caused by Pops' muddled glance, "by the grace of God, widow of the late James Patrick Murphy, who, God save him, was a devil and—" She read his name on the register. "It's John Shane you are. And an author, no less. And wanting to pay six months in advance. 'Tis few of your tribe can do that. Many a one I fed through the winter. And are you married at all?"

"She died," said John Shane. "She was a good woman."

"No need to be telling me," cried Mrs. Murphy. "It's in the face of you. You've been a very happy man, John Shane. I'll be giving you a cabin that's

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Pops learned more about Mrs. Murphy in the first evening than for a long time afterwards



Treatments can be taken at home
when coöperation is assured

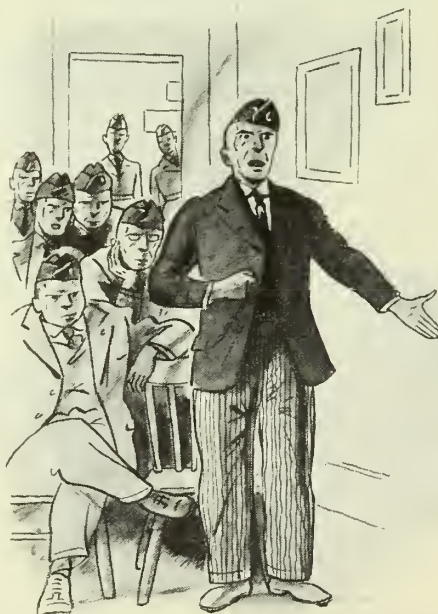
That Thousands may See

By FREDERICK C. PAINTON

IF YOU ever go to Arkansas remember two facts. They are a shy, warm, friendly folk intensely loyal to their State; and they are not black-bearded, ragged people sleeping with a whiskey jug under a tree, the only sign of life being when a slab-sided foot waggles feebly as a horsefly drones by. If you bear that in mind and listen quietly, you'll hear some remarkable stories.

As for instance, the amazing tale of little Lucille Cheatham.

Lucille lived in a wooded valley between two mountains not far from the tiny hamlet of Cricket. In the Ozarks a sunset can be breath-taking in its flaming glory. But Lucille Cheatham never saw one because she had been practically blind for six years. Like so many among the mountain folk she suffered from trachoma. There are beautiful sounds in the wooded grandeur of the peaceful valley, but Lucille never heard them. An ear infection had impaired her hearing. She wore only cotton rags because her



"She's been kicked around long enough," said Korpnik

grandparents were old—her parents were dead—and they all lived, somehow, on five dollars a month. She was eleven years old, but she had been too blind for six years to go to school. So she could neither read nor write, and she lived in a darksome world painted by her grandmother's voice.

Lucille's was not too unusual a case. Those counties on both sides of the Arkansas-Missouri line have been known for years as the Trachoma Belt. Thousands of men, women and children knew the agony of inflamed, suppurating eyes that inevitably ended in the helpless groping of the blind. The mountain folk called it "sore eyes," and they knew if you were around somebody who had it you were very liable to get it yourself. But they didn't understand isolation, and so it spread.

Very little is known about trachoma. It's infectious, highly so, but the virus has never been identified. The constant inflammation produces scar tissues on the lids, and finally on the cornea and when

that happens blindness follows. But the State knew something had to be done; the growing number of blind taxed the slim amounts of relief money. A hospital at Russellville was started, and silver nitrate solutions used. These could produce a cure, but the process was extremely painful and was drawn out over six months. The mountain people couldn't take that time off; so, mostly, they never came back. And finally, without funds, the hospital was closed.

Of all this Lucille Cheatham knew nothing. Her animal-like world consisted of food and warmth and sleep, and her grandmother's voice; and, of course, the pain that made her cry in agony. She existed without having ever lived.

On a night in April of 1938, a thin little man, crippled in his hip by the war, sat quietly through the regular meeting of the Roy Allen Post of The American Legion at Harrison, Arkansas.

The Post Commander said, "Anybody got anything they might want to say before we adjourn?"

The thin crippled man rose. "Mister Commander?"

"Go ahead, Comrade Korpnick."

Jack L. Korpnick was Chairman of the Post's Child Welfare Committee. Tonight he was pale, face tight, and his eyes blazed. He began to talk about Lucille Cheatham. How County Judge Penix, torn by this pitiful case, had in his desperation written to Korpnick to see if something might be done for the doomed child.

"I don't care if she isn't the daughter of a veteran," shouted Korpnick. "She's been kicked around long enough. Something has got to be done to give her her chance."

The Post sympathetically agreed, and at that moment was born the fight to give Lucille Cheatham sight. And, though they didn't know this, The American Legion then launched the movement that was to give clear vision to thousands. Not only in Arkansas, but throughout the nation—throughout the very world itself.

Six months passed while bureaus worked over the case. Scar tissue was forming; when the cornea was covered no medicine, no aid in the world could give Lucille Cheatham sight. Korpnick wrote to the governor; he besieged men of influence. The State Legion got busy. Then came the glad day when Dr. K. W. Cosgrove of Little Rock said he would cure Lucille if arrangements could be made to house and clothe her. Scraping up five dollars here and five there, Korpnick and his Post raised the board money. They got together decent clothes.



Soldiers on maneuvers last summer enjoyed Legion-built showers in the State of Arkansas

And Judge Penix, close to tears, brought Lucille Cheatham to Little Rock.

Here the case took a strange turn. Dr. Cosgrove was consulting ophthalmologist to the State Health Board. He had long been interested in the problem of eradicating trachoma from the Trachoma Belt. He didn't think the silver nitrates were the answer although they helped.

About this time the miraculous results of sulfanilamide in treating pneumonia had been reported throughout the country. Dr. Cosgrove pondered; what effect might the drug have in treating trachoma? Sulfanilamide attacked inflammation; trachoma was inflammation. Why not? He was the kind of death-fighter who dared to take a risk. Lucille Cheatham became the human guinea pig to see if sulfanilamide would turn the trick.

The result has made medical history in Arkansas and elsewhere in the world.

Dr. Cosgrove administered orally one-fifth grain of sulfanilamide per pound of body weight for five days. After a two-day rest he gave another five-day treatment. Meanwhile, a five percent solution bathed the eyes and inflamed lids.

Lucille Cheatham, who could scarcely distinguish daylight from darkness, found her sight. The trachoma disappeared; the ear infection healed. Dr. Cosgrove performed an operation to turn out her eyelids—distorted by scar tissue—and he had her fitted for glasses. She had normal vision in one eye and seventy in the other—the doctors write it 20-70—and she at last knew the beauties of the world. To complete Lucille's Cinderella tale, I can add that she was adopted by a prosperous family in Michigan. She attends school, lives as a normal.

(Continued on page 35)



The National Duck-Calling Contest told the world that Arkansas is a hunter's paradise

THAT TRENCH MIRROR

Illustrations by
V. E. PYLES

By **FELIX W.
KNAUTH**



that it fell off its nail
and got some scratches,
like service stripes.

Then we moved into
an abandoned French position
where the dugouts were full to
the roof with rain-water. We pumped
them out, and moved in; muddy water
trickled across the face of the mirror,
and my wipings only dulled it more.
But still I could see enough for shaving.

Sometimes it glinted in the sunlight
of bright spring days; it caught the re-
flection of the merry meadow blossoms
which bloomed on the thick covering
of our gun positions, unmindful of the
perils of war. So Nature had often be-
fore gaily painted the grim fields of
human battle, with mid-summer blos-
soms at Marengo, with tasseled oaks at
Appomattox, with scarlet poppies in
Flanders. But whereas long ago the sol-
diers competed with the wild-flowers
in the brightness of their equipment,
my mirror reflected the dullest, and
the most serviceable, of uniforms.

Sometimes it fogged over as rain and
mist dampened everything we owned
and used. The cloth slip-cover got wet
through, and it became harder to main-

(Continued on page 48)

MY DEAR Uncle Joe: Do you
remember the trench mirror
you gave me in 1917?

It was a steel plate about
three by four inches, nickel-plated, and
you had my name engraved across the
top.

You gave similar ones, I believe, to
all your nephews in the service—and
there were a lot of them—and maybe
some of these also went through ad-
ventures; here is the story of mine.

I used it of course, every day; it
swung to the slow heavy roll of the
Adriatic as we sailed along the coast
from New York to Halifax, and then in
convoy to Liverpool. It crossed a choppy

Channel—just a few stormy hours during
which those of us who had been there
before slept soundly, though the letters
we later censored were full of the dan-
gers of the night, with lethal Zeppelins
overhead, and U-boats shooting torpe-
does which missed us by inches! It hung
in an Adrian Barrack at Coetquidan
while we were getting used to the “soix-
ante-quinze” and the decimal system.
And late in January, it went to the
Front with me.

Six weeks in snow and ice on the
Chemin-des-Dames; then to the sector
beyond Toul. When my Battery laid
down its share of the barrage around
Seicheprey, the little mirror rattled so



ALL-OUT and NO FOOLING

EDITORIAL

PERHAPS you feel just a bit squeezed by the sugar rationing, the tire and gasoline restrictions and the numerous departures from business-as-usual Uncle Sam is insisting upon for you and every other American not in the uniform of the armed services. We Americans, heirs to a civilization of plenty that has no parallel in history, are learning that sending the strongest and best of our youth against the enemy in a showdown fight isn't going to be quite enough.

Those youngsters, facing a strong, resourceful, superbly armed enemy, are going to pay a heavy price for victory in a struggle they had no part in bringing on, but they trust us of 1917-'18 and the older generations when we tell them that anything short of victory for the United Nations would mean slavery for all nations, including the Germans, Italians and Japs.

While our youngsters bear the brunt of the struggle we on the home front must sustain them by proving that no sacrifice necessary to deliver the materials to the fighting front will be too much for us. If our standard of living drops down to what it was fifty years ago, a hundred years ago, so let it be. Victory in this war is the only must we shall recognize in the coming months and years. And if in the fulness of time it becomes the high privilege of the veterans of 1917-'18 to come to grips once again with the foe that too will be undertaken.

Here's the job we civilians must do in this all-out war, as stated superbly by Warren H. Atherton, Chairman of the Legion's National Defense Committee, in his report to the National Executive Committee:

"For us to keep democracy our Army and Navy must win. To help

sacred than the lives of our sons.

"Soldiers on the battle front must devote every moment of time, every ounce of energy, every thought in their brain to winning the war. Slow-downs, sit-downs, and lay-downs there are paid for by death and defeat. Neglect of duty is treachery; desertion is treason.

"Profiteering, racketeering, hoarding, gouging, gypping, striking, and slowing down are treachery and treason. They have already cost the lives of thousands of gun-less, plane-less soldiers and sailors. If continued they will be paid for by death and defeat!

"The Legion should ride on a rail the businessmen who take bonuses and high profits on war production!

"The Legion should brand a traitor's cross on the men who hoarded their junk while blast furnaces closed!

"The Legion should blacklist the shipyard workers who work Saturday and Sunday on overtime, then lay off to loaf on Monday and Tuesday at straight time!

"Legionnaires should see that six-week wonders welding at the highest pay of their lives who refuse to work on a synthetic holiday are put to work on the 'honey wagon'!

"Legionnaires should run the racketeer who demands excessive pay for jobs in defense industry down the gauntlet of public castigation!"

There's a program for victory, all-out and no fooling.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

The Twenty-Fourth Annual National Convention of The American Legion will not be held at New Orleans, as planned since last September, when the Crescent City won out in the competition at Milwaukee. The United States Government asked that the convention be held at a "gateway city" in the Middle West, because of transportation difficulties, and New Orleans graciously withdrew. By the time you read this the National Executive Committee will have informed you, through the newspapers, which city is to have the National Convention, which will be held on September 19-21, a three-day convention instead of the customary four.

them win citizens must give democracy as efficient an Army behind the lines as the Axis has.

"Suspension of democratic rights and freedoms for the duration is not too great a price to pay to save them forever. . . .

"All wealth, labor, industry, and agriculture should be immediately mobilized for service under a universal service act. Then all should serve under such an act as a soldier serves, loyally, continuously, and without profit! Wealth and wages and welfare must not be held more



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION



MASSACHUSETTS PASSES



“ONE of the greatest forces in the United States today working in defense of right and truth and justice is The American Legion. It stands firmly pledged to the perpetuation of liberty under the Constitution and the laws of our country. The great national organization came into being at the close of the World War, just as the Grand Army of the Republic followed the Civil War. It is destined to give long and patriotic service to the nation, just as that Grand Old Army, now all too rapidly fading away, has served with honor and distinction during the most important era of our country's history.”

That is the opening paragraph of the proclamation of Legionnaire Leverett Saltonstall, Governor of Massachusetts, designating the week of April 5th to 11th as American Legion Membership Week. Such a proclamation urging the people of all communities to lend a hand in the enrollment or re-enrollment of every

Norfolk County Posts put up a common fund to fully equip a fourteen-bed ward in the Soldiers' Home hospital at Chelsea



Brookline Post parades its World War tank before offering it for sale at auction on Boston Common. It is being recast into guns and shells

eligible veteran goes a long way to explain why, in the course of years, the old Bay State has maintained such a uniformly high standard of Legion membership and a Legion program of service that has made it the force in the Commonwealth and community life.

The nerve-center of this unit of the national organization is



in the historic old State House at Boston. There, under the direction of Department Commander Richard F. Cunningham and Department Adjutant Coleman F. Curran, the thousand and one details that go to make up the work are coordinated and welded into a pattern that has for years given distinction to the Department and to its leaders.

Massachusetts is a compact unit with an average membership of around 45,000, and with a high comparable standing of the affiliated organizations. Here, then, is a service unit made to order for prompt action and quick accomplishment. And that is just what is happening in Massachusetts now in this great national emergency, though the Legion is not forgetting community needs and community service.

A pioneer among the schools for the training of air wardens under the national plan to provide more than a million aircraft spotters in the civilian defense system, was the one in Massachusetts, held at Lowell, under the direction of National Executive Committeeman Stephen F. Garrity. Though long before the schools were planned, Legion Posts in various sections had set up, at their own expense, a series of air warning stations, with a corps of spotters enrolled. Here is just one report, one that comes from Attleboro Post:

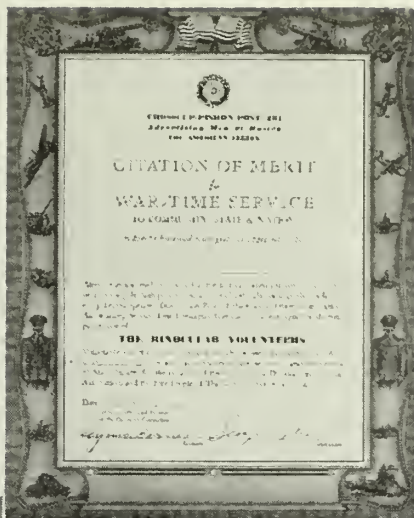
“Our air warning tower was con-

structed on top of a barn," writes Comrade George A. Courtmanche, "and is complete in every detail, enclosed

on all sides with large windows and equipped with electric lights, telephone and heating system. The post is manned twenty-four hours a day by a corps of eighty volunteers, half of which are Legionnaires."

But air raid warning, important as it is, is but a very small part of the war effort. Lieutenant Commander Frederick D. Powers, in charge of the Navy recruiting station at Boston, strongly commends Old Dorchester Post for the efficiency of its plan of recruiting. "On December 8th," says Commander Powers, "over 3,000 young men applied for enlistment. From that time on for six weeks Old Dorchester Post furnished Legionnaires who maintained a twenty-four-hour day service, including Sundays, and who must have been responsible for the recruiting of 1,000 of the 4,000 men during that time. The Post maintains an information bureau for the Navy Recruiting Service at their hall, to which I send a recruiter on two nights a week. The Post does the recruiting. If Posts generally did what Old Dorchester is doing, the Navy Department would be able to send many of its present recruiting force to sea."

Cannon that thundered at Ticonderoga and on the battlefields of France were



Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston campaigned for binoculars to equip the aircraft warning stations. Above, citation awarded to all contributors

assembled by Legion Posts on Boston Common, late in March, and sold at auction for scrap. Crusted iron pieces that once spoke from the deck of the frigate *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides"—along with Civil War cannon and Ger-

man guns and tanks were offered—and sold. In all the collection of war relics, which will be recast into 1942-model guns, tanks and shells, brought \$1,960.50. The affair was made the occasion for a great patriotic demonstration, preceded by a parade of the several pieces brought in by Posts at Maiden, Pittsfield, Brookline, Lexington, Revere, Needham, Mattapan, Everett, Sharon, Saxonville, and other towns. Acting Mayor Thomas E. Lineman wielded the hammer.

Another practical work was the campaign conducted by Crosscup-Pishon Post, of Boston, for the loan of high-power binoculars and field glasses for use in the Legion-operated observation posts. More

than \$8,000 worth were secured in less than a month through the cooperation of the Boston Post. A total of 183 pairs of fine imported and American-made optical instruments were turned over to Department Headquarters for issue to chief observers in such of the 256 active observation posts as were unable to obtain the necessary glasses required for fast work.

"These glasses were loaned for the duration by patriotic civilian owners," reports Legionnaire H. Lyman Armes. "They came to Crosscup-Pishon Post headquarters by mail, express and messenger; eighty-seven percent of them from within fifteen miles of Boston. The expense of minor adjustments and repairs was borne by the Post, which is also paying for a blanket insurance policy covering all loaned binoculars against the perils of fire, theft and transportation. As a further safeguard a registration number was en-



graved on each pair of glasses and filed with Department Headquarters and the insurance company, together with a detailed description and the name of the owner. A specially designed 'Citation for War Service,' signed by Post Commander George G. Wiswell and Post Adjutant Cyrus Barnes, was sent to each binocular volunteer."

Another work that can appropriately be classed as either war work or community service is that of enlarging the hospital facilities of the various centers, such as that reported by Dedham Post through Department Commander Cunningham. In this town, because of its close proximity to Boston, a local hospital had never been established. Commander Franklin DeLance, after a survey



Dedham Post's gift ambulance which serves the community and the emergency hospital established in the Post home



Cagley Post of Clark, South Dakota, has more than half of its members in Legion uniform. A plan has been worked out to uniform all members, the Post paying part of cost

of the situation, recommended to Dedham Post that the second floor of the Post home, a fine old mansion, be renovated and equipped for this purpose. The funds were raised by appropriations from the Post's Drum and Bugle Corps, the Sons of the Legion and the Post's treasury.

Twelve hospital cots, with bedside tables and other hospital equipment, were placed in service within a week after the hospital committee had been named, and within two weeks the American Legion Emergency Hospital No. 1 was dedicated to public service. An ambulance was donated by Miss Katherine Endicott, and under Dr. Arthur F. Worthington, World War surgeon, a corps of nurses and volunteer workers has been organized. Dedham now has a hospital that will take care of thirty-two bed patients in any emergency.

Another contribution to the public welfare along the same line was the dedication of a fourteen-bed ward at the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea by the Norfolk County Council. Every one of the twenty-eight Posts in the county contributed to the hospital fund, writes County Chaplain Henry Wellington Tuck, who was also Chairman of the Committee.

Nearly every Post has interested itself in the welfare of the

men in the uniformed services, some to a greater extent than others. Dozens of reports of farewell parties of different kinds have been sent in, but in most



Aircraft Warning Tower built and operated by Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Post

instances they are so similar as to fall into the nation-wide pattern. Here is a report of the plan carried out by a small unit—Oscar Smith Mitchell Post of Hull—with a membership of fifty-five. The Post provides a gift box for each lad who enters the service. The box contains a razor, razor blades, fountain pen, cigarettes, comb, postage stamps, paper, envelopes, and a copy of "Fall In," the Legion's service manual. Commander Joe Brest sees to it that the presentation is made before the Hull boys leave the home sector, and a "keep-in-touch" service has been organized by Service Officer Fred E. Cox, who arranges for personal contact through Legion Posts nearest to the place the boys are stationed. In addition, Oscar Smith Mitchell Post has invested \$2,000 in War Bonds.

To make sure that the boys in service are not forgotten, Ludlow Post revived the custom of presenting Service Flags away back in the spring of 1941—long before actual war came to us, but at a time when hundreds of thousands of young men were being sent to training centers for preparation against any emergency. The first presentation ceremony, says Adjutant George Martin, was held in the High School Auditorium on May 2, 1941, when 164 Service Flags of the World War design were presented to the families of men in

service. An Honor Roll was prepared, painted by Past Commander Sydney Ingham, for display at the same time, bearing the names of the service men. Since that date, more than a year ago, other Service Flags have been presented and the list of names on the Honor Roll has lengthened.

Albert T. Wood Post of Longmeadow held a similar service on April 10th when 128 Service Flags were presented, together with a certificate of appreciation, to the families of all men from that town now on active duty, reports Commander H. Hayes Landon. A Service Flag for the town of Longmeadow, with 131 stars, was presented at the same time. The ceremony was a colorful one. Governor Saltonstall, Department Commander Cunningham, and distinguished representatives of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and city and county governments were guests of honor.

A Uniformed Post

CAGLEY POST of Clark, South Dakota, is working on a plan to put all of its members in uniform. This four-star Post has been active in Junior Baseball, Boy Scouts and civic programs, and in addition has earned enough money to buy and pay for one of the best business blocks in its home town. More than forty of the seventy-five members have uniforms; now a plan has been worked out by which the Post kicks in on each one purchased, the amount of Post help being graduated by the number of years the member has paid dues. A very large percentage are old timers, dating their membership back more than twenty years.



mander George H. Morgan and, right, Past Commander Harry E. Stoner."

Oldest and Youngest

A CURIOUS fact came to light at Mankato, Minnesota, reports Publicity Chairman Al Pearson, when Clarence G. Graeber, born August 12, 1902, youngest member of Lorentz Post, applied to the Clerk of Blue Earth County for a



Clarence G. Graeber, youngest, and Dr. J. A. Hielscher, oldest member of Lorentz Post, Mankato, Minn.

copy of his birth certificate. Then it was discovered that Dr. J. A. Hielscher, born October 21, 1864, oldest member of the Post, had officiated at his birth. Major Hielscher's late wife, Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher, presided at the first National Convention of the American Legion Auxiliary at Kansas City in 1921.

Nice Little Blaze

BUCK KEYES POST of Quantico, Virginia, is made up for most part of Marines who remained in service after the World War, and it is also the home Post of Marines, still in service over the entire globe. It is a boast that the sun never sets on the membership of Buck Keyes Post. So, there was great rejoicing when the Gyrenes of Quantico raised enough cash money to retire the mortgage on the club home; a big party was held, attended by District and Department brass hats. In a formal ceremony the old plaster was reduced to ashes.

Third Illinois District

"THE Third District of the Department of Illinois," writes Adjutant William H. Kammert, "has the distinction of being the largest district in point of membership in the Department and possibly the largest in the entire American Legion. Through having 7,129 members it is bigger than the Departments of Arizona, Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont or Wyoming, and it has more members than (Continued on page 54)

Pennsylvania Spotters

"IN addition to being the second largest Post in Pennsylvania and one of the ten largest in the country," writes Legionnaire D. G. R. Henderson, "Harrisburg Post is truly civic-minded and is always on the alert to be of service to the community and to the nation.

I enclose a picture of our aircraft warning tower, dedicated on March 8th, which is manned by members of the Post on a twenty-four-hour basis. The observer on the tower is Past Commander William L. Windsor, 3d, Chairman of the Aircraft Warning Service Committee, and, incidentally, Sheriff of Dauphin County.

On the steps at the left is Com-



Gyrenes of Buck Keyes Post, Quantico, Virginia, hold a jubilee meeting to burn the plaster that stuck to the old homestead for years

THE LAST CONFEDERATE

Ploughing south through calm seas, the *Shenandoah* captured one Yankee ship after another. Most of them she burned, taking their crews aboard the raider

now! An' have yez not shtopped in any port since yez left there?"

The captain shakes his head. "No, nor been in sight of land either. What late news have you of the war over in America, suh?"

Looking quizzically at his questioner, the Irishman hesitates a moment before replying. "Sorry Oi am to tell yez this, Cap'n, but that war's been over so long, sure people have got through talkin' uv it, and owld Jeff Davis is locked up tight in Fortress Monroe. 'Tis now me sad duty to tur-rn yez over to the Port Authorities as required be law."

So, in a foreign harbor and with a foreign hand at her wheel, the C. S. S. *Shenandoah* reaches the end of an in-

Illustration by
W. J. Aylward



IT IS a little past the foggy midnight of November 5, 1865, when the Irish pilot boat lying off Holyhead in St. George's Channel answers a hail from the dark bulk of a ship that is cautiously feeling her way towards Liverpool.

"Good mornin'," says the pilot as he clambers over the rail and salutes the new arrival's captain. "What ship?"

"This, suh," comes the reply in a soft drawl, "is the Confederate steamer *Shenandoah*!"

"The hell ye say!" The pilot's surprise breaks the bounds of the etiquette of naval conversation. "Where the blazes have yez lads come from?"

"The Arctic Ocean!"

"Howly mither! The Arctic Ocean is ut?" gasped the other. "Think uv that

credible odyssey that had begun from that self-same harbor two years before.

ON ANOTHER foggy night, this time in October of '63, there was sudden and unwonted activity along a deserted portion of the Liverpool waterfront. Earlier that evening a mysterious messenger had paid a series of visits to the sailors' boarding houses that lined

the cobbled streets near the wharves; scurrying figures, well-muffled against prying eyes as well as the chill air, were now hurriedly converging towards a landing stage where a darkened tug strained at her moorings. There was no word of greeting exchanged between the members of the group that huddled together on the tug's afterdeck, nor was any word spoken when the tug cast off and brought her passengers alongside the steamer *Laurel*, waiting in mid-stream.

Here, as each man left the tug for the larger vessel, he was required to show special credentials, every one identical with the others: "Received from Mr. John Doe, thirty-two pounds for his passage in the cabin of the steamer *Laurel* from this port to Havana." That was all, yet those slips of paper marked their owners as enlisted in one of the great adventures of all naval history; an adventure that had long been plotted so carefully that no hint of it had leaked to unsympathetic ears, and was still such a secret that its sharers feared to speak aloud after boarding the *Laurel* but went silently to their assigned staterooms as the steamer weighed anchor and headed for the open sea.

The next morning, when the ship's company assembled on deck, all pretense of further mystery was abandoned and the traditional ceremony of "splicing the main brace" was dedicated to the successful

from a Clyde River shipyard twelve months previously as Her Majesty's Ship *Sea King*, her maiden voyage being to New Zealand as a transport for British troops. She was 220 feet long, of 790 tons register, and was a full-rigged ship with iron masts, bowsprit and lower yards; in addition she carried a steam auxiliary engine of 220 horsepower and was equipped with a single screw. On her passage to the Antipodes she had shown unusual speed, at times logging 320 miles in twenty-four hours, and the Confederate agents in England recognized her as the answer to their prayer for a formidable and

By A. C. M. AZOY

sel, the *Sea King*, has been purchased by the Confederate government, and will hereafter resign her peaceful character as well as her name. Henceforth she will be known as the cruiser *Shenandoah*, and I have been assigned to command her. It is proposed that she will sail at once to prey upon the commerce of the government with which we of the South are at war, thus rendering what service she can to our unfortunate country. Besides those who have already signified their willingness to enlist in this righteous cause, I am glad to offer to any of the rest of you who may wish to join the ship in her new character, a bounty of fifteen pounds, and wages of four to seven pounds a month according to your capabilities. Now then, lads, who is for it?"

For a moment no one spoke. The European seamen who had sailed the two ships to their rendezvous gazed irresolutely at each other; a fifteen-pound bounty was a fifteen-pound bounty, but on the other hand a Yankee bullet was a Yankee bullet, and its lead could easily nullify the advantages that might accrue from Confederate gold. At length one man stepped bashfully forward, then two more; a few larger groups followed, until twenty-three stood bareheaded before Waddell.

The captain showed his disappointment. "Is this all—just you few out of eighty? No more of you want to come along? Very well then; all hands stand by. I hereby commission this ship the *Shenandoah* of the Confederate States Navy!" A bosun's pipe whistled shrilly, and England's "red duster" dropped from the main truck as the Stars and Bars rose in its place. Over the side to the *Laurel* went the non-volunteers, lustily cheering the comrades they were leaving on the cruiser's deck. Captain Waddell ordered the anchor weighed immediately, and under the power of her auxiliary engine the rechristened *Shenandoah* slipped slowly away on a voyage that would take her around the world in raiding exploits that have never been surpassed in all the exciting history of that romantic form of marine activity.

Officers and foremast hands totaled only forty-two—not quite half of the vessel's regular complement—and it was a lucky thing for all concerned that the weather stayed calm and no enemy ships were encountered for the first few days

(Continued on page 42)

swift corsair that would be a serious menace to Federal merchantmen. Negotiations for her purchase by the Confederate government were quietly consummated, the necessary stores and personnel were assembled without the watchful United States consular agents in England being any the wiser; and when the *Laurel* swung into the lee of Desertas Island, off Madeira, the *Sea King* appeared from nowhere and slid into the roadstead behind her.

In thirty-six hours of unrelenting toil all the extra cannon, small arms, ammunition, food and other supplies carried by the *Laurel* had been transferred to her consort, and the crews of both vessels were assembled on the quarter-deck of the *Sea King*. To them then appeared North Carolinian James I. Waddell in the gray and gold of a captain in the Confederate Navy.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "this ves-

completion of the perilous tasks that lay ahead. For despite the *Laurel's* innocent appearance and her announced destination, the purpose of her voyage was not at all the transporta-

tion of ordinary travelers to Cuba. Indeed, she was not even going to Cuba but to Madeira, and there her passengers would be transformed into officers and seamen of the navy of the Confederate States of America, to man the *Shenandoah*, newly-commissioned as a cruiser for the sole purpose of raiding Yankee shipping on the high seas.

This cruiser had first taken the water

Action! Lights!



Signal Corps photographers in simulated action at Washington Barracks, D. C., in 1917

WE FREELY admit that our knowledge of cinematography is practically nil and that what smattering we do have of it has been acquired through seeing a motion picture or two in which the workings in a movie studio were portrayed—scenes behind the scenes, as it were. No doubt ardent movie fans will question the order of command words in the title. How do they run?—Lights! Action! Set 'em rolling! or something to that effect. But in the movies in which we are presently interested, the action had to come first and it was up to the operators to take care of the rest. We're talking not of staged movies, but movies of actual fighting which were taken during battles of our World War.

Movies hadn't advanced too far in 1917 and 1918, as witness the picture at the top of the page. The signal corpsmen of today, with their up-to-the-minute still and movie cameras, film laboratories and what have you, will get a big laugh out of this photograph of a simulated action scene taken back in 1917. And among our present-day photo-

Camera!

graphic section men are some real notables from the Hollywood studios, not a few of whom are movie stars or near-stars who instead of facing the lens are grinding out the film.

For this flash-back and for the picture of men enjoying some much-welcomed boxes of good things from the home folks, we are indebted to John A. Mar-

shall, President of the Portland Engraving Company, Portland, Maine, Legionnaire and ex-photographer of the A. E. F. and Berlin, Germany. Our space permits us to use only a short extract from his interesting account of his World War experiences:

"In the February, 1941, issue you published an article 'Taps for the Army Mule,' by Robert Ginsburgh, of which one of the illustrations was a photograph of a balky mule team. I made the original photograph while a member of the Photo Section of the 1st Division during the St. Mihiel Drive. The soldier trying to pull that mule team out of a hole was Private H. D. Shook, 166th Machine Gun Battalion, 42d Division, and it was taken near St. Bausant on September 13, 1918, the second day of the drive.

"Incidentally, that picture, along with four other of my shots, was published in *Leslie's Weekly* of March 8, 1919, as 'The Five Best Shots of the War.'

"I also had the pleasure of taking pictures in Berlin, Germany while sta-



Embryonic photographers at Washington Barracks welcome a change from army rations



tioned there with the American Detachment in 1919. In the detachment were G-2 officers and men, and foreign correspondents. Major Charles B. Gannon was my superior and I believe the ranking American officer in Berlin at the time, while Captain Sprinkle was in command of the enlisted men. It would be interesting to learn what became of these men who were lucky enough to get to Berlin. I had been in Cochen in the Occupied Area on detached service from the 1st Division, when I received orders to proceed to Berlin to take pictures of Russian prison camps, etc. We were headquartered in the Hotel Adlon.

"Now to go back to the beginning of the Photographic Section with which I served, I am enclosing pictures taken at Washington Barracks. One of the photographs I am sending I think is really a masterpiece. It shows how Captain Dawson trained us in the art of war photography. It was taken on a field just off the parade grounds to the left of the War College in Washington, D. C. This field looked more like a dump and was used by the Engineers, who had their building right next to our laboratories.

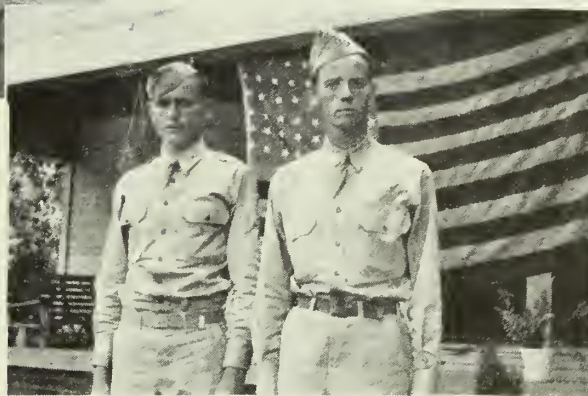
"As I took this picture, I am not in the group. In some way, Captain Dawson borrowed some motorcycles with sidecars and we were bundled into them with our cameras and roared up to an imaginary battle line, dashed out with our cameras and photographed an imaginary battle, under the direction of the captain. You will notice the captain with his gloved hand high in the air, presumably holding up the battle while the pictures were being made. Then we had to grab our cameras, dash back to the motorcycles and were whisked away to another point of action. This maneuver still gives me a laugh, particularly when I think of what we actually had to do overseas when our Division was in action.

"Our training as cameramen could hardly be called just that. Most of the boys had had some photographic experience before they came into service, but when they found themselves in the Photographic Section, they were put to work cleaning ferrotype plates and dousing prints in the hypo. We used to get a lot of prints from the office of the Committee of Public Information (under George Creel's direction) and these prints were re-photographed and our men turned out hundreds of copies for release.

"Due to the fact that I had had some



A fighting family from Down South. Above, Mrs. Russell F. Whiting, Army Nurse, 1918; right, sons Donald and James, present Army Air Corps; below, Dad Whiting, Army Ambulance Corps, 1918, in Italy



newspaper experience, I was kept outside with the Graflex covering all sorts of assignments in and around Washington. Of course, this was right up my alley and I found it extremely interesting trailing along with President Wilson's activities and with a lot of Allied missions that came to Washington on all sorts of expeditions and tours.

"Captain Dawson had had considerable war photography experience before our country entered the war. He was in some way connected with the German army to take photographs and that of course qualified him as an organizer for our group. Later, by the way, he got in-

volved in some situation when he tried to cut army red tape and was replaced by a tough old sergeant from the Philippines who was commissioned a captain, but knew nothing about photography.

"To the best of my knowledge, but few of these men got overseas. At the Photo Laboratories in Paris I did run across several, including Norman Alley (the *Panay*, author of *I Witness*), and Goldberg, who is now a cameraman on the *Boston Post*. There was an entirely different gang in Paris but I did not stay there more than a week or so before joining the 1st Division.

"Just as a reminder that the boys who

are now in our Army shouldn't be forgotten by the folks back home, I am sending a second photograph showing some of our men at Washington Barracks after a particularly good shipment had been received. Food, cigars, cigarettes and candy were mighty important items to our gang. Every one of those guys had folks who sent packages of grub and you can see by the stock on hand that no one ever ran short of extras.

"In the group, Private Moroski, a cracking good shortstop, by the way, is opening a jar of preserves, while Private Alley is passing the cigars to Sergeant Fritch who is holding a chocolate cake being cut by Private Jones. Sergeant Hilbert is passing pie to Private Goldberg, while Sergeant Ryden, upper right,





Gobs aboard the U. S. S. Olympia show off their ship's mascots—a salty pooch and a kid. Harold Morine holds the baby goat. Who are the other two?

looks on. Below, on the right is another pie-eater (name forgotten.)”

STRANGELY enough, during the same week that we heard from Comrade Mitchell, who supplied the pictures and story about his photographic experiences and mentioned the fact that he had spent some time in Berlin, Germany, a letter came from R. W. Freeman, member of Lennox (California) Post of the Legion, who lives at 904 Alpha Street, Inglewood, California:

“I recently had occasion to apply for admission to the Veterans Hospital at Sawtelle, California. When the Legion comrade at the Legion Service Bureau saw my discharge he said that out of many thousands he had handled, he had never seen one like mine. It shows service with Berlin Detachment #2. I was in a detachment stationed at Frankfort-on-the-Oder in the interior of Germany. Men of this organization will know that there were several such detachments on duty at various Russian prison camps in Germany.

“Our headquarters were in Berlin under command of Brigadier General Harries. The work of these special detachments consisted of supervising the distribution of food and supplies sent by the American Red Cross to the Russian prisoners. We went into Germany unarmed before the peace treaty was signed, and left for the States the latter part of August, 1919.

“Our detachment was under command of Captain J. M. Lloyd, who had been Operations Officer of the 64th Infantry, 7th Division. I cannot recall names of many of the men but I know they were all from different combat Divisions and had volunteered for this special service

in Germany. Wonder how many of them remember the 4th of July party in Frankfort. Boy, did we have fun!

“Headquarters were in the Hotel Adlon in Berlin, which wasn't far from Frankfort (there is another city by that name on the Main River) and we had a regular army commissary of the Q. M., which handled our rations. The headquarters for the enlisted personnel were in a hotel on Anhalt Strasse in Berlin.

“I'd like to hear from veterans who served in Berlin Detachment #2.

SONS of the Legion by the thousands are now sons in the service and we veterans of the war of a generation ago therefore have a tenfold interest in the present 'round-the-world conflict. And the names of Sons of the Legion

are already being added to the roster of our heroic dead.

Thousands of fellow Legionnaires, too, are again in uniform, either through be-



ing called to active duty from the Reserve Corps or through outright enlistment. So, in many instances, father and son or sons are in the fighting forces. A roster of such father-and-son servicemen would fill many pages.

But down in Alabama we find an outstanding example of a Legion fighting family and we are proud to introduce them to the Then and Now Gang, although we are somewhat slow in doing so. Some months ago, this department found in its mail a letter from Mrs. Russell F. Whiting, Historian of Hueytown Post of the Legion, whose home is at 891 Fifth Place, West, Birmingham, Alabama, and with the letter came the three pictures which we display. Mrs. Whiting is not unknown to us, as in the June, 1938, issue of this magazine she permitted us to use a picture of nurses of Base Hospital No. 102 leaving the A. E. F. for home and a snapshot of the military burial of Charles Holden, ambulance corpsman, in Italy.

And now for Mrs. Whiting's letter in which she tells of her family's outstanding record of service:

“Here I am again—but I really do think I have an exceptional ‘then and now’ item for you.

“As you may recall from my previous contribution to your department, I served in the A. E. F. during World War I as a member of the Army Nurse Corps and was stationed at Base Hospital No. 102 at Vincenza, Italy. At that time my name was Ruby Jolly. Mr. Whiting was also stationed at Vincenza with the U. S. Army Ambulance Corps. He was in the headquarters section, Section 529. The enclosed snapshots of Mr. Whiting and of myself were both taken in Vincenza.

“As you can see from the third snapshot print, I ‘did raise my boys to be soldiers,’ and am proud of it. At the first hint of a national emergency in 1940, these two of our three sons enlisted in the Army Air Corps. The picture was taken on July 4th last at the first reunion of our family after the boys entered the Army.

“Donald, on the left, was Junior State Captain of the Sons of the Legion
(Continued on page 61)



General Pershing takes the salute of Major Lucas at an inspection of the personnel of Base Hospital 89, Mesves Hospital Center, in France

That Thousands May See

(Continued from page 23)

mal child, and has a life-time of usefulness before her.

But the story does not end with Lucille Cheatham. What the Roy Allen Post had begun went on. Was this only a chance cure? Would it work on other trachoma sufferers? Quietly Dr. Cosgrove began treating, not hundreds, but thousands with the sulfanilomides.

If you can stand a few figures consider these: of 1866 trachoma cases treated only 105 failed to respond to treatment. Only five and a half percent. And Dr. Cosgrove has an explanation for this.

"I am quite positive in my own mind," he told me, "that the five and a half percent failure was not due to failure of the treatment but failure of proper diagnosis. These particular patients did not have trachoma. It is quite possible in eye infections to have a five and a half percent error in diagnosis."

Of those treated more than a thousand regained 20-20 (or normal) vision. In all but 250 cases improvement in vision was noted.

"And in these cases," Dr. Cosgrove said, "the vision may have been impaired by other causes. Remember, the vision can only be restored to what it was. And in the case of scar tissue on the cornea that cannot be removed, the disease of trachoma may leave some after effects. Our best successes have been obtained where the disease has not been of long standing."

In Arkansas to-day trachoma clinics and painstaking State Health nurses are searching out all cases of "sore eyes." The time is not far distant when the mountain folk will be rid forever of the disease that has afflicted them for generations. Dr. Cosgrove lectured on his method before the Southern Medical Association, and trachoma throughout the nation is doomed. The treatment is painless, and can be taken at home when patient coöperation is assured.

You can learn that kind of thing about the Arkansas Department if you stay around long enough and listen carefully.

Arkansas isn't a big Department. Its peak year of 1941 saw 14,110 members, and they're shooting for 15,000 this year. And this is good out of a potential of 42,000. Yet each year has seen Arkansas up there among the Big Ten, and this year they won for the third time in a row the Henri Gouraud Trophy for early enrollment; and nobody even won it three times before.

But they do everything so darned quietly.

The other day I sat in the Department Headquarters with Neill Reed, the Commander, and Bert Presson, the Adjutant, and we were talking about a twister that

had hit the towns of Hamburg and Dardanelle. The tornado had done a lot of wrecking and taken life. They both knew that the local Posts had turned their community huts into feeding stations for the homeless, that Legionnaires had risked life and limb to pull out the hurt.

"But try to get those birds to write in," moaned Bert, who also edits the *Arkansas Legionnaire*, the only weekly Department Legion publication in the nation. "I'd like a picture, but those dingers just take it in their stride."

"Yes," said Neill Reed, "I was think-

"The only time you hear from half the Posts," said Bert, "is when they send in their membership cards and checks. They think that's the main job; the rest just comes natural. They go to town on membership. We had twelve thousand 'Eleven-eleven' pins in red and blue printed for those birds who paid their dues before November 11. Got rid of all of them, too. We had five hundred at the Go-getter's Banquet for those who got five or more members. But after that they just go about their business."

The said "business" seems to be performing an enormous amount of work to promote Arkansas.

"Nobody but me would tell you," said Neill, "but the Dud Cason Post of

LIGHTEN HIS PACK!

TAKE THE LOAD
OFF HIS HEART-
AND THE WEIGHT
OFF HIS MIND

See that he
doesn't have
to worry
about what
may happen
to his wife
and family -
"in case"

BACK HIM UP &
BUCK HIM UP!!

SUPPORT ARMY EMERGENCY RELIEF!

TO BE ADMINISTERED BY THE WAR DEPARTMENT



ing the same thing. Remember, during the army maneuvers, the Leslie Huddleston Post built showers for soldiers in the Hempstead County fairgrounds? Criminy, those soldiers after fighting and scrambling over half of Arkansas used to moan in joy just to feel the beat of those water needles. They'd walk ten miles to get one of those baths."

"Don't remind me," said Bert. "I tried to get a picture. If the soldiers hadn't been shouting anthems of thanks, we'd never even have heard about it."

They talked for a while about the job of finding out the Posts' excellent work in Americanism in the schools, the 1600 packages donated for the Christmas of the many disabled veterans hospitalized in the State because of its salubrious climate and springs.

Blytheville scouted up a thousand dollars somehow, and offered it as a prize to the champion cotton-picker. Now—like that trachoma thing—the National Cotton-growers Association have taken it over, and you see the National Cotton-picking Championship in the movies and hear it on the radio, and it's a big national event. All Dud Cason Post wanted to do was tell the world Mississippi County grows more cotton to the acre than any other spot in the world."

"We still have the National Duck-calling contest to tell the world Arkansas is a hunters' paradise," said Bert. "The Legion started that. Sure, Fred, you've heard Sam Dudley and Sam Crawford at the National Conventions. They can really blow those duck calls. Go out and see how the ducks come when called."

"There's a real reason behind that besides boosting the State," Neill said. "Like any other Department we got plenty of card-carriers. You know, the business men who pay dues year after year but never attend meetings or become active. We show them that we really boost business in this State by putting Arkansas on the map."

Once more the two old-timers—Neill Reed joined the Legion in 1919—fell to talking about the small Posts, most of them with fifteen to twenty-five members, and they mentioned the 103 Legion Community Huts that Charles Q. Kelly built with WPA funds and labor way back in the bad old days. These are still used as baby clinics, hospitals, refuge centers, sewing rooms, public libraries, forums, Boy Scout headquarters, luncheon clubs, lodge meetings and village centers.

"It's the one thing they've got," explained Bert Presson. "They depend on it like they depend on the weekly *Arkansas Legionnaire*. Maybe that's the only paper they read, but they sure read it from cover to cover. I get ten-twelve letters a week to run on the backpage when those boys sound off. We get a lot of good ideas out of the controversies too, sometimes."

"Oh, they're busy all the time," said Neill. "Look at all the squirrel mulligans and barbecues—"

"Squirrel mulligans?" I repeated.

"Sure. Three-four Legionnaires get their rifles and shoot a lot of squirrels. And then three-four more sit up all night cooking them. Hot dog! Do they season, those guys? You get three varieties, one is medium, two is hot, and three is red hot and I mean—*red hot*. But you have never tasted anything until you surround a squirrel mulligan. The Posts give them, invite the townspeople so the Legion can thank them for what the townsfolk have done. Same with the barbecue.

"Then every so often they have a district meeting and 'pot-luck' suppers. You know, Fred, the wives just bend over a stove and whip up a lot of food, and take it to the meetings. There it's all mixed up and served out, and it's as pretty a piece of eating as you'd like to know."

Neill reminded me that the Governor of Arkansas, Homer Adkins, was not only a Legionnaire—as is his wife—but is also Chairman of the Membership Committee of the Little Rock Post. "He's shooting for 1800 members and I reckon he'll get them," chuckled Neill.

"That's quite a thing—a governor being Membership Chairman," I said. "Who's being casual about it all now? You're like the rest of the Arkansans you've been howling at."

He grinned. "I guess we are kind of calm. Reminds me of a story—sort of to prove we don't get excited much. I had to attend a Legionnaire's funeral once—up in the Ozarks. They had the church service, and then we all filed to the grave. All the family was there, from grandmother down to the littlest boy. Finally it came time to shoot the volley, and sound taps.

"The firing squad was there all right, some in uniform, and mostly not. And the acting corporal called, 'Ready!' The guns came to port. 'Aim!' The squad aimed skyward. 'FIRE!' yelled the corporal.

"The explosion roared and echoed in the quiet valley. And at this instant, the strain being too much, the old grandmother keeled over in a faint.

"The youngest boy was leaning against a tree. He looked at the squad, then down at his grandmother and said calmly, 'Well, I'll be doggoned, they up and shot grandmaw!'"

That's what you hear around Arkansas—if you listen quietly.

You Can Help the F. B. I.

(Continued from page 13)

table. They were in many cases the normal result of quadrupling a company's output in a hurry and putting green hands to work.

Fortunately, management is working intelligently to prevent this type of interruption to production. Mr. Hoover went on, "The FBI has rendered every assistance through its preventive program by making suggestions and recommendations to officials of industrial concerns. In 1939, at the request of the Army and Navy, trained Special Agents began a program of surveying the facilities of plants engaged in war production. The FBI's part in this program was completed January 5, 1942, at which time 2300 major industries had been surveyed and recommendations furnished officials of plants to assist them in more complete protection against espionage and sabotage. This is one reason there have been few acts of actual sabotage.

"The other reason," Mr. Hoover said in answer to my inquiry, "is that the worst enemy agents and would-be saboteurs were quickly locked up the night of December 7, 1941, immediately after Pearl Harbor. In that one night the FBI house-cleaned a full thousand of these rats. Many of them we had tracked relentlessly for many months." I asked if he thought the FBI had caught them all. "No," he said, "and both the Nazis and the Japs are fully able to think up new

ways to try to outwit us. But we have some tricks of our own. And I have every assurance—and it comes in every day's mail—that our men are as smart as any of them."

I asked Mr. Hoover regarding the advisability of groups of citizens throughout the nation organizing to help investigate these matters. The Director of the FBI was quick with his answer and pointed out that this suggestion had come from every section of the land. He feels, however, that there is no place in America for vigilante groups going around investigating.

These matters are nationwide in scope and require investigation by trained and experienced men. The citizens of the nation can better assist in this cause by furnishing information of importance pertaining to national defense immediately to the FBI.

In this connection Mr. Hoover stated, "The members of The American Legion have been of immeasurable assistance to the FBI by being organized and trained. Theirs is not an easy task in this war, and I know it. Instead of jumping on a white horse and dashing off to war you have to stay home where your services are more valuable." He went on:

"The greatest service and the greatest effectiveness of Legionnaires have largely come about by your spirit of self-sacrifice in keeping in the background and doing your day's job, whatever it is, in a way

to make that job almost an act of military necessity, as indeed it is.

"What's more," he went on, "the Americanism Division of the Legion, which has fought diligently against subversive teachings in this country, is doing a job that should not be stopped because of the war. We need true Americanism now more than ever. We need to heal factions to obtain complete unity in the country. The way to do that is not to sell out to a totalitarian enemy who would beat everybody down to the same heartless level, but lift those who are worthy of the privilege to an understanding of the duties and responsibilities of being an American citizen."

He paused to answer a signal light on his desk and spoke briefly into a telephone. If a certain enemy agent whose name I didn't catch was arrested on the afternoon of this interview, I am happy to say that I knew about it a few minutes before he did.

Mr. Hoover got back to the problem of us Legionnaires quickly. "I am not giving you the run-around when I tell you and other men of the Legion to coöperate with your local law enforcement agencies. Most of you are already doing this. When something mysterious comes up, don't spread rumors, but go to your law enforcement officer and get the matter straightened out."

Mr. Hoover told me of a case in Texas. There were the makings of a con-

siderable spy hunt in Texas some time ago. Several empty fifty-gallon oil drums were found on Padre Island, which is located off Corpus Christi. A rumor had it that German submarines were being re-fueled there. Air patrols immediately went on the alert—and properly so. No submarines were located. Investigation revealed that the oil drums had been washed ashore from the British steamer *Register*.

In this case whoever first observed the dangerous symptoms of empty oil drums in an out-of-the-way place did a service by reporting the matter instantly to the authorities. Rumors were spiked and any possible hysteria immediately put to an end. That is the program, Mr. Hoover made it clear, all of us who are not actually in uniform should follow. And we're doing it.

Of course, Mr. Hoover went on, many Legionnaires will undoubtedly become active in law enforcement work as auxiliary police, civilian defense workers, or patrol guards. The responsibilities of these positions should be carried out with dignity and sincerity. If suspicious acts indicate espionage, sabotage or any other violations of American laws, report the circumstances immediately to the nearest FBI office.

I asked Director Hoover about other cases which have been handled by the FBI. He told me about a case at Baltimore, Maryland, last year. Inspectors in an airplane plant making bombers found that 34 acts of sabotage had been committed on 24 bombers. On one occasion a small printed sign was found on a bomber which read, "B-26, Martin's death trap—Heil Hitler!" There was a thorough investigation.

First FBI men made a scientific analysis of the damaged parts and all the suspected tools. Handwriting examinations in the FBI Technical Laboratory were also of assistance. The growing mass of evidence pointed to a young twenty-two-year-old German named Michael William Etzel, who had worked in the Glenn L. Martin plant for two years, but who had relatives in Germany. Though himself American-born he said, in admitting the crime, that he did not want the Martin bombers to be used against the German people, who, he claimed, were without fault but were under the oppression of the German dictator. The man was brought to trial in the Federal District Court in Baltimore and was sentenced to fifteen years in prison.

After another interruption from the restless signal light, and more low-voiced talk into the mouth piece from the dynamic man at the big desk, Mr. Hoover said calmly and directly, "I don't think for a minute that we have seen the last of enemy efforts toward espionage and sabotage. We of the U.S.A. are up against professionals who stop at nothing. To meet their menace, someone has

to know the ins and outs of intrigue as practiced by modern spies. The FBI has such men. The FBI is a civilian organization, built up in a non-militaristic nation, but the FBI long ago started its war on the foes of America.

"In that respect the U.S.A. is better prepared in this war than we were in World War I. In 1915, constant waves of sabotage broke out and continued right up to our own country's entry into the war, and beyond. Protection against spies and saboteurs then was divided among approximately twenty different agencies. When war was actually de-



"Excuse, please, but is honorable spider weaving halo over great one's head?"

clared these twenty agencies arrested a total of sixty-three known enemy agents within the first twenty-four hours—only sixty-three. In the twenty-four hours following Pearl Harbor, the FBI apprehended a thousand enemy agents; to date we have arrested a total of 5,312 known alien enemies for safekeeping."

In this war the FBI serves as the coordinating agency, working with Naval Intelligence and Army Intelligence and the police departments everywhere. A great deal goes on which unfortunately the FBI cannot talk about. You may have noticed one case, however, which reached the newspapers. A loyal American citizen of American birth was coerced against his judgment to do spy duty for the Nazis. He did not want to be disloyal to the U.S.A., and upon his return from Germany he came to the FBI.

The FBI with his help kept check upon Nazi activities in America and finally arrested a ring of thirty-three active enemy agents. Under the guise of enemy agents themselves, FBI agents operated for over a year a short-wave radio station sending supposedly confidential messages to Germany. All thirty-two persons were convicted and received total sentences amounting to more than 320 years, and \$18,000 in fines.

Catching enemy spies calls for slow,

patient work, anyone who has ever visited the FBI can assure you. It is rarely as dramatic as your imagination pictures it. It's a job for an organization, not an individual; most of all, not a job for an amateur. There is still a lot of the hunting instinct in all of us, and we would all like to catch a spy. So it is with the average patriotic citizen. Mr. Hoover spoke in a commendatory manner of the splendid assistance which citizens generally have given. "The mere fact that there has not been a wave of hysteria and an outbreak of mob violence and vigilantism is a tribute to the confidence that citizens have in the FBI and all law enforcing agencies," he told me.

The war makes it more than ever important that we know in whom we place confidence. The FBI has in its Identification Division the fingerprints of over 35,000,000 persons, the great majority of them in the non-criminal file. Over 11,500,000 fingerprints of persons who have been arrested for crimes are on file. Today these files are rendering a valuable service to the Government. Applicants for positions of trust with the Government, for positions in vital industrial plants manufacturing war supplies are fingerprinted and their fingerprints are searched through the files of the FBI to determine any prior record which would reflect upon their loyalty and credibility.

Fingerprints are received from all over the nation. The WPA in New York City required that all persons in a position of trust with that organization be fingerprinted. Since 1939, out of a total of 58,240 prints received, the FBI found 5,382 persons with arrest records.

The city of Richmond, Virginia, fingerprints transient applicants for relief. In the last three months Richmond has sent the FBI ninety-one prints of persons seeking relief, and there were thirty-seven identifications made of persons having prior criminal records, or 40.65 percent. In thirteen of these cases, the arrest was for a major offense, such as bank robbery, kidnaping, burglarly, arson and rape.

The compulsory registration of aliens within the last two years has brought to light numerous fugitives from justice wanted by the police here and in other countries.

More to the immediate point perhaps is the way in which fingerprinting is helping protect defense industries against hiring some smooth-talking double-dealer who might otherwise work himself into a position of trust.

For instance, a man applied at the North American Aviation Corporation for work on March 27, 1941. He was fingerprinted and the card sent to the FBI. It was found that in August, 1935, he had been sentenced at Chanute, Kansas for a felony; arrested again in May, 1937, in Kansas City for robbery; caught in August, 1937, and charged

with rape. He had escaped but later was apprehended and sent to the state penitentiary at Lawrence, Kansas. All of this information was furnished the War and Navy Departments, which were interested in the products of the plant.

Another man who tried to hire in as a special guard at a defense plant at Edgemore, Delaware, was found to have been arrested August 3, 1940 for a crime against a soldier of the United States Army. His previous record showed he had been arrested September 5, 1929 at Hammonton, New Jersey, for arson, and on July 10, 1937, at Wilmington, Delaware, on another charge. Obviously he was not the type of individual who should be employed as a special guard.

Another would-be defense worker applied in July, 1941 for a position as an electrical crane operator at the United States Fleet operating base at Long Beach, California. Although he is only 36 years old now, he had been arrested at San Diego in 1922 for larceny, and on April 26, 1923 had been charged with kidnaping a minor girl. In February, 1940 he had been arrested again for rape. This man's identity would never have been challenged if the present system of fingerprinting had not been in effect.

I asked Mr. Hoover how many new fingerprint cards come to the Bureau daily. "Our daily average receipt of fingerprint cards right now is over 60,000," he replied promptly. "Before the attack on Pearl Harbor we were receiving an average of 29,000 a day. This therefore represents an average daily increase of more than 31,000 prints.

"A year ago, on January 1, 1941, the FBI files held 15,023,719 sets of finger-

print cards, both criminal and civilian identification. One year later, on January 2, 1942, our files held 32,308,634 sets of prints. At present, we have more than 35,000,000 sets."

Along with the increasing war work, the FBI receives thousands of fingerprint requests from local police, asking that the record of some vagrant or mysterious character they have picked up be checked. It is a job to classify so many prints and a job to make a search, but busy as the FBI is it tries to maintain thirty-six-hour service on all police inquiries. Mr. Hoover feels that if the response to local police is delayed it may be detrimental to the safety of some plant, or a fugitive may be released before the report gets there.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation is today engaged in an all-out fight against the foreign agent working to undermine and destroy our democratic way of life. Led by Mr. Hoover, the Special Agents of the FBI have been doing an excellent job—working ceaselessly, in every section of the country. The force of Special Agents has grown from around 800 in the fall of 1939, to nearly 3,000 today. Work has increased many times. In 1939 exactly 1,651 national defense matters were reported to the FBI. In 1940 the total jumped to 16,885 and in 1941 it was 68,368.

In answer to my inquiry Mr. Hoover stated, "Whatever success we have had is due not alone to the efforts of our own employees, but as well to those loyal Americans in every section of the land who have reported information to us, who have coöperated when called upon, and who have done their part in maintaining a calm America. No little credit

is due to those men of The American Legion who have rendered untold assistance during the past."

As I stepped out into the reception room and the door closed behind me, two women school teachers were asking permission to see how fingerprints are filed. "Sorry, ladies, but the visitors' tours have been discontinued during the war," said a clerk courteously. Another visitor, a young man fresh out of law school, was there to see someone about a job in the FBI. He was given an interview with one of Mr. Hoover's assistants. Any casual visitor to the FBI might have said, "Why they're beautifully calm, complacent even. To watch them you wouldn't know we're at war."

Calm, yes, but no smug complacency. I checked back into the FBI several days later and found Mr. Hoover had called a special meeting of his six assistant directors, at midnight the night before. All six came. What might look like complacency to an outsider was a carefully maintained calm in the face of a very real and ever-present danger.

I carried away with me Mr. Hoover's parting message. "Tell the Legionnaires to see that their neighbors keep calm, avoid hysteria and vigilantism, refrain from spreading unverified rumors, and have confidence in our own Government and our armed forces. The war is just starting.

"For the rest," he said over the final handshake, "every one of us needs to do his day's work, whatever that work is, more diligently than ever before. This is a war in which every one of us is a fighter. Don't let the war suffer for want of something you can help supply. Goodbye, and good luck."

Jiu Jitsu Hooey

(Continued from page 17)

what had happened but they all saw the result in the ring. Three of the Japs were unconscious and two were writhing from the pain of broken limbs. That isn't the way the books say these things turn out: they always have one diminutive Jap handling five husky Americans with ease.

I've had a little personal experience with jiu jitsuans—enough, I hope, to qualify my knowledge as more than that of a bystander or an academician who read a book about jiu jitsu once. During the first year I was interested in becoming a wrestler, when I was a tyro at the art, I met a Japanese named Professor Takahashi. He invited me to work out with him. I did it two or three times a week for a year. He was a "Black Belt" man and considered very good. We worked both with jackets and, American style, without. When we had jackets on he could throw me about at will, for I was playing his game with

him, but when we took the jackets off and went to it I didn't have much trouble with him.

He knew a lot of mean little tricks and digs, such as rubbing his knuckle up and down one's backbone, pressing the nerve centers just behind the ears and under the nose and taking hold of one's foot and separating the toes; painful and dirty little tricks but nothing that a wrestler doesn't expect and nothing that he isn't able to return with interest if he wants to.

The only new ideas which jiu jitsu introduced into the American science of wrestling was the use of strangle holds, a few wrist locks and blows struck with the side of the open hand. Using the fist doesn't come natural to the Japanese, so they do their hitting with the side of the hand.

A jiu jitsuian will spend hours striking the edge of a board to toughen up his hands, and it cannot be denied that severe and stunning blows can be struck

by a trained man. Main Japanese blows are aimed at the back of the neck or either side of the neck; at the forearm between hand and elbow, at the leg between knee and ankle, and across the small of the back or over the kidneys. All there is to their so-called "death art" is knowledge of where to strike these edge-of-the-hand blows to bring about unconsciousness or, they say, death. This "death art" was guarded with the professional press agent's finest skill for years, but anyone who wants to, can buy a cheap book exposing the vital spots of the human anatomy.

A book I own lists eighteen of these "death" spots on the front of the body; sixteen on the back, in addition to thirty-seven parts of the bony structure which can be broken if the blows are struck right. That is all very well—on paper. But it doesn't work the way the book says it will when you get an antagonist who is as tough and resolute as you are.

While I think that any American with the rudiments of wrestling can more than hold his own against a jiu jitsu performer, I don't think a good American boxer has very much to fear either. I was reading just a few months ago of a test made in Japan of the relative merits of boxing and jiu jitsu. At the request of the Emperor, an American army captain and amateur boxer met several picked jiu jitsuans, he boxing, they using their "soft art," as they affectionately refer to jiu jitsu.

One by one he took three of them on, knocked them all cold in the good old-fashioned American way. The Emperor forthwith ordered that Japanese soldiers learn how to box.

A good many Americans have learned

jiu jitsu and use it in their daily work, policemen in large cities, peace officers of various kinds, but usually when it comes to a hot time Americans prefer to rely on their own traditional weapons also. A few months ago I was in headquarters of the U. S. Border Patrol in El Paso when an inspector brought in an alien suffering from a badly broken jaw. There had been a fracas along the border and the Border Patrolman hadn't been the runner-up. That much was evident.

At that time the Border Patrol had just invested a good-sized sum in learning a system of police jiu jitsu from an eminent practitioner of the art. So when the inspector brought in an alien who showed the unmistakable signs of being

handled in a way not included in the jiu jitsu curriculum, the Chief called the inspector in.

"How is it the prisoner is so badly beaten up?" he asked.

"I had to hit him. He came after me with a knife," was the answer.

"But why didn't you use jiu jitsu on him? Did you forget what you learned?"

"No, Chief. I didn't forget. I thought about using jiu jitsu on him, but when he pulled a knife on me it seemed a little better to be sure and sock him on the jaw."

When American soldiers come into hand-to-hand conflict with the Japs, it will be the American system against jiu jitsu. My money is on the American system.

Mrs. Piebald

(Continued from page 15)

realized the obstinate purpose of the other. About equally matched in wit—of which neither creature has an abundance—a dim understanding came to them that a test of their established rights impended.

As they drew closer they gradually slowed their steps, until with only a scant yard separating them they came to a halt, eyes glaring into eyes with stubborn resolve. Inferior in courage to the skunk, the porcupine felt the first tremors of doubt. His slow brain perhaps remembered at this stage that his body was not entirely covered with protecting quills; his tender nose and his belly offered a chance for swift-darting claws. Still he was not minded to give ground to the arrogant creature that dared to block his way.

The skunk's lips lifted, revealing her sharp white teeth, and she expressed her anger by a vicious "chirring" and a stamping of the ground with her forefeet. Here was that premonition of a raking stroke at the porcupine's nose, and to protect that sensitive member against the expected onslaught, he tucked his head in under his forepaws. And having made the initial movement in his mode of defense, his muscles responded to the urge and he suddenly folded his length upon himself until he resembled nothing so much as a gigantic grizzled chestnut burr.

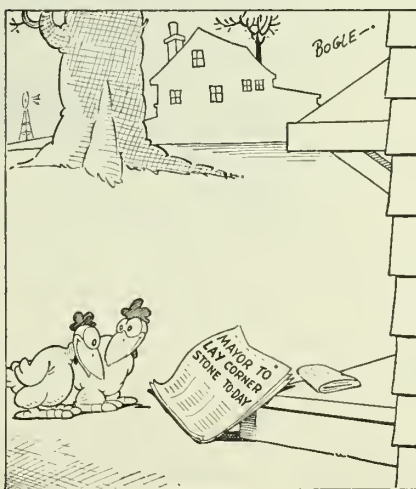
At this puzzling action of her opponent, which she interpreted as a definite move toward hostilities, the skunk whirled herself about, laid her feathery tail over the arch of her back and the fur of her thighs close to the skin, in preparation for her own extraordinary method of attack, which must leave no taint upon her cleanly person.

As has been said, the porcupine was the uppermost on the slight grade. It is the proclivity of a ball to roll downward when on an incline, and this

occasion proved no exception to the rule. At the exact moment that the skunk ejected the pungent, strangling effluvium of her scent-glands at her antagonist, the round, quill-studded form bumped into her.

The result of the engagement was without any doubt a draw. Neither contestant showed any desire to continue the dispute. Each departed from the scene with no further wish to follow the original path, seeking any direction that offered the fewest obstacles, though the disgusted "quill-pig," having unrolled and exposed his eyes and nose to the heavily charged atmosphere, was instantly blinded and ran head-on into trees and rocks as he tried distractedly to get away from himself.

The skunk retired quickly in the direction in which she was pointed, the



stinging quills she carried as a memento of the affair impelling her to an undignified and awkward speed. She circled about shortly and reached the burrow in a torment of outraged feelings and physical pain; and here she scattered her flock into the farthest recesses of

the nesting chamber in her squirming efforts to relieve herself of the torturing spines. Most of them she reached with her teeth and pulled out, though the fine-barbed points hurt cruelly as they were withdrawn. A few she bit off in her endeavors, and the remaining portions gave her keen agony as they drove deeper into the muscles of her legs. But fortunately none penetrated her vitals and in the course of time they either worked themselves out or became encysted.

During the period of her distress the inflammation of the embedded quills drew heavily upon her strength. She had no appetite for even the small amount of food she was able to secure, and in her weakened state the supply of nourishment for her babies was lowered to famine rations. But the indomitable mother-will and the healing influences of her environment and her unsullied blood brought about eventual recovery, and the family survived the ordeal. With returning strength as her tissues mended she hunted industriously, and as her powers gradually were restored the tiny forms dependent on her were quick to respond and soon regained their plumpness and well-being.

Early summer had come and the hillside wore its full sheath of green, accented with the purple of wake-robins and the varying shades of violets, while in the moist, shaded places about its base little clusters of valley lilies were putting forth their snow-bells. The tardy beech that overshadowed the burrow had at last opened its leaf buds, and the foliage of the earlier trees had turned from the first flush of variegated color to vivid emerald. With the quickening of the trees and bracken came better hunting, for all about were the increased families of mice and the nests of ground-birds harboring eggs or fledglings, while the growing insect life was everywhere

evident by the hum and rustling of tiny wings.

The young skunks were now well developed, and in their sleek black and white-streaked coats they were pictures in miniature of their mother, though the white bars varied somewhat in prominence in the different members of the family. They were very lively youngsters and during the period of their weaning they began to find the hillside den too narrow for the full expression of their spirits. While the mother was absent on foraging expeditions they formed the habit of frisking about the mouth of the burrow. Here on her return she would give them first lessons in pinning down the grasshoppers and beetles and mice she brought and in trying their pinpoint teeth on solid food.

Finally the time arrived when the mother realized that the younglings should be given opportunity to acquire a wider knowledge of their world. On a night when the moon rode full and benign in an unthreatening sky and the day's summer breezes had tempered the chill of late evening, the skunk led forth her brood. In single file, herself at the head, the little band fared away from the gully to the fields where education and adventure awaited the rising generation.

Once in the open the mother led the procession into the shadow-lee of briar thickets and brush heaps, where prying hostile eyes were less likely to discover them. Here, protected from the moon's glow, she sought the runways and shallow tunnels of field-mice and gave the children instruction in stalking the busy little rodents. On this bright, balmy night the mice were everywhere about, and as her lightning-swift pounces were generally successful, the entire family partook of a satisfying breakfast.

Sometimes a mouse, escaping by a lucky chance the sharp claws, would jump panic-stricken before the quivering muzzle of an alert pupil, and that elated youngster would be quick to emulate its mother in a nimble swoop on the quarry. Occasionally one would elude the inexperienced paws and immediately become the center of a squirming, squeaking mass of small black-and-white bodies, to succumb almost instantly to the worrying teeth of tiny mouths. At these times the old one stood quietly aside, viewing with maternal pride the result of her teaching as they mauled the unresisting body in an ecstasy of excitement.

With the edge gone from their hunger as their skins grew tighter, they became less sure in their pounces, and a mouse, breaking through the cordon, darted out into the open, pursued by one of its less surfeited tormentors.

The mother chattered a warning against this perilous exposure, but the

truant did not heed it. Before she could run out to bring her rash offspring back to the fold, there came a soft rush of wings as a shadow passed across the field and settled swiftly in the fugitive's direction. Then came a thin, agonized squeak and the shadow rose and floated off into the darkness of the trees with a limp form in its talons. The mother knew what had happened. She stopped in her rush, for nothing she could do would avail against the ruthless owl murderer. For a moment she stamped the ground and chirred her impotent fury through bared teeth at the sinister thing as it disappeared soundlessly into the gloom, then returned to the frightened, wondering group.

Carefully picking a path through the denser growth she drew them away from the threatening neighborhood, and did not halt until she had put a considerable distance between them and the keen-eyed despoiler. She was well aware that one baby skunk would only

squatting at the margin of a pool came to a gurgling end as its musical career was cut short under her swift leap. Here was a favorite food, succulent and sweet, and judging by the volume of sound, the expectation of a gorge was well founded. But while the mother was fairly successful in her foray upon the musicians, the young ones found their endeavors rather disappointing. The frogs had an irritating habit of jumping out from under the blundering little paws just as they were about to descend upon the mottled green backs, and disappearing in the water with a contemptuous plop; and the chagrined hunter was likely as not to misjudge his spring and get a wetting for his pains. Frog meat seemed to lose its savor for them on this first attempt to secure it by their own efforts, and they soon were content to draw back into the shadows and watch the mother's expert stalking of the game.

The moon had been waning during the frog hunt and the lighting of the



"Doncha think that new man's giving a little too *much* service?"

serve to whet the owl's appetite, and that it would soon return on its quest for another.

They threaded the tall grass and briar-stalks until they came to a swale surrounded by a tangle of hazel and chokecherry, and with memory of her bereavement already dimming according to the merciful philosophy of the wild-wood folk, she became immersed in this new prospect of savory spoil. The chorus that arose from the marshy dip of land quickened her approach, and the croaking obligato of a big frog

night devolved upon the myriad stars that twinkled into radiance with its setting. But while they made brilliant the ceiling of the world they did not dissipate the carpet of darkness spread over its floor by the lengthening shadows of the moon as it sank behind the distant wall of the spruce forest. The little company could now dare the open, and through this friendly cover of gloom the mother led the way into the clearings when the appetite for frogs was sated. Ranging at will among the stumps and brush, they found tasty picking

whenever the inclination moved them to seek the beetles and grubs and other small-life that abounded.

As they were skirting a copse of second-growth timber the skunk mother became aware of an ominous padding at the rear, and almost at once heard a terrified squeak, suddenly stifled. She wheeled and ran back, and at a little distance saw the dim shape of an animal; it was sitting on its haunches, facing her insolently, and something dark and flabby and lifeless hung from its jaws. Instantly she sensed the calamity that once more had overtaken her, and she flamed with anger at the big red desperado who had snapped up the lagging member of the procession. At her command the remaining five huddled together, and she advanced upon the ruffian fearless of herself in her mother-rage. The fox arose slowly and backed off, his mouth watering with the thought of the delicious repast of several courses that would be his could he outwit the parent; but he was not of a mind to engage her in combat, for he well knew the nature of her armament. With cunning as his weapon he would garner the rest of the tender morsels, which were not yet capable of offending his nostrils and eyes and besmirching his coat with the ammunition he dreaded.

The fox's retreat was drawing the mother away from the helpless little ones, and realizing this and the uselessness of seeking revenge upon the miscreant, she conquered her thirst for battle and returned to them. As fast as they could travel she took them away from the scene of the tragedy; but her instinct warned her that more evil impended from the same source.

Thin streaks of light were appearing where the sky met the ragged crest of the trees, and the stars were being snuffed out by the reaching fingers of morning as the apprehensive mother hastened her flock onward. Could she gain the hillside burrow before the marauder had devoured the one he had seized and returned for a further levy? They were a long distance from home, and the rush from danger had taken them into country with which she was unfamiliar. The younglings were tiring fast, and sunrise was their bedtime; they probably would be unable to continue the pace long enough to reach the den before being overtaken by the red glutton. She heard the tiny squeakings that betrayed their desire for rest and the comfort of nourishment from which even the bountiful toll upon the fields had not entirely weaned them; but no haven could she find in the bare flat ground to which they now had come where she could gratify their wants in safety.

A strange appearing formation that resembled a heap of tree trunks came into her vision just as her sharp ears

caught the almost soundless approach of the fox, whom in a moment she saw skulking in their direction. A crevice showed in one of the straight sides of the log heap and she made for it. Whether or not it harbored a worse foe her dim powers did not stop to consider; here was a possible refuge,



"Keep away, Marmaduke, that's not a tunnel, it's a trap!"

and through the narrow opening she brought her charges. Over her shoulder as she entered she had a last glimpse of the fox; he had come to a halt, and after a few seconds' wary observation turned and trotted off on other affairs, as though realizing that his intended prey had found sanctuary.

Her composure restored, the skunk mother studied the interior of this enormous den, circling about to examine the queer muddy objects lying around, her children following after. She associated the scent of each article with an alien kind she occasionally had met, but who had never happened to prove of greater annoyance than to cause her to turn a trifle out of her path, even as they had turned from theirs. So she did not greatly fear her surroundings, in spite of the strange choking sounds that seemed to come from hollows at the sides. Doubtless the creatures that occupied this lair were no more to be feared than her previous meetings with them had led her to believe; besides, she had her quiver full of liquid darts, which should afford ample protection in event of any affront from them. For an instant she was startled into a defensive attitude by an abrupt noise from somewhere above her; but dead silence ensued and she fell back into her former indifference. Her investigations completed, she stretched her tired muscles comfortably on the smooth wood, and the sleepy youngsters crowded contentedly against her warm body and nuzzled at her breasts.

IN THE cabin of Uncle Henry, veteran tender of Lower Post dam on the Swiftwater, there drowsed in the double tier of bunks built against the walls an even dozen husky rivermen. Soon

they would be routed out unwillingly to begin the day's work of stream-driving the last logs of the winter's cut. A cool draft blowing across the face of Uncle Henry, who as cook was a light early-morning sleeper, caused him to lift his head to discover the reason for it. Apparently the door had not been properly latched the night before, for it had opened a few inches to the morning breeze. As he looked, his sleep-clouded eyes widened with a jerk, and he became instantly awake.

To his astonished gaze a furry black and white-striped "woods pussy" appeared on his threshold. It halted for a moment to look back, then with a chirrupy sound from its throat entered with a self-possessed tread. His amazement increased as a tiny image of the interloper followed, and his staring eyes bulged further as they beheld another and another coming through the crack until he counted five.

His first feeling was of indignation that his cabin had been invaded by a smell-cat and her litter. Only horror of the contamination of his abode that would result kept him from yelling to them to "Scat!" or springing from his bunk and chasing them out with a broom. Suppose one of the sleeping men should waken suddenly and disturb the serenity of the room! He must find a means of bringing them out of their slumber quietly and warning them of the visitors.

Carefully Uncle Henry reached into the adjoining recess and touched its snoring occupant on the shoulder. "Sh-sh!" he whispered tensely as the snores gave place to profane grumbling. "Keep quiet, you! Look what's come to call on us!"

Bewildered, the man peeped over the edge of the bunk. His sleepy frown gave way to an open-mouth stare, followed by a slowly spreading grin.

"Consarn ye, Uncle Henry," he rumbled hoarsely, "why ain't ye out o' bed on yer job, cookin' grub fer us? Since ye ain't, reckon I'll finish up me sleep." Whereupon he burrowed back under the covers, chuckling.

Uncle Henry snorted, then checked himself and glared at the humorist through the partition.

"You git to snorin' agin like a cross-cut saw an' I'll—I'll put salt in yer coffee, ye dumbered lazy river-rat!" he growled. "Reach over an' wake up Red Mike; an' tell him to hold his jaw, too!" he demanded.

The cook's word carries weight in the lumber camps. Big Jack Guinness meekly did as he was bid; and so the process went on, until all the somnolent company was aroused and cautioned against exciting the intruders. Soon two rows of tousled heads were raised—not too high—to watch with mingled feelings of wrath and amusement the obnoxious guests.

The unconscious focus of a ring of fascinated eyes, the skunk mother made the circuit of the bunk-room, sniffing inquisitively at the disorderly array of brogans and garments on the floor, her babies trailing after her, sniffing in their turn.

A sudden explosion shattered the stillness of the cabin. It came from Big Jack's bunk—stifled in the middle as he ducked his head under the blankets. His mates were nearly sent into uncontrollable guffaws by his muffled paroxysms, abetted by Uncle Henry's dismayed expression and horror-stricken "Oh, Lord, she's goin' to shoot!" For the mother skunk had stiffened in her tracks at the sound, laid her tail over her back and twitched herself in the alarming manner they all knew so well. But the heavy silence that followed her threat as heads were drawn hastily under the coverings reassured her, and she thought better of it.

Cautiously the heads were withdrawn after a suffocating period of waiting. They knew that not even the closely held woollen folds could keep the

noxious perfume from their nostrils once it was loosed on the atmosphere. As their eyes sought the doughty little invader, they saw her stretched out on her side in the middle of the floor, the five nurslings snuggling close, busily engaged.

Twelve specimens of the genus lumber-jack—and a famous cook of the timber regions—averaging six feet of brawn, kept to their bunks while a long uncomfortable hour passed, permitting themselves little more movement than the batting of eyelids while the mother skunk rested and refreshed her young.

The sun rose higher, and still the boom on the river groaned with the pressure of logs which should by now be on their way down stream. Twelve ravenous, impatient loggers—and a fuming cook—awaited the end of the nap which had overtaken the striped family at the conclusion of their morning meal.

The mutterings of discontent that floated about the room did not seem to disturb the dozing group on the floor; but a shaft of sunlight falling athwart

the furry, piebald heap brought the mother finally to her feet. She poked her black muzzle commandingly among the drowsy youngsters, stirring them to wakefulness. The babies in her train, once more she slowly circled the room, sniffing at every article in passing, each follower imitating her; then across the threshold she led the file, plumed tails defiantly erect, into the glare of the outer world.

Thirteen pairs of feet thumped the floor as the last white tail-tip vanished through the door-crack. Arms stretched and threshed about to take out the kinks to the accompaniment of a volley of remarks of varying tenor. Big Jack reached for a chunk of stove-wood and strode toward the door.

But Uncle Henry was quicker. He sprang in front of the towering woodsman, slammed the door shut and stood with his back against it, confronting the volatile Irishman.

"Drop it, ye big devil!" he shouted. "Ain't ye got no sportin' blood? Let the little cuss take her young ones off. It's comin' to her!"

The Last Confederate

(Continued from page 31)
of their adventure. Not only did the *Shenandoah's* inexperienced skeleton crew have to perform double their regular tasks in working the ship but they needs must finish preparing her for the work that lay ahead, and this was a job that would have given pause to a full staff of experts. Dismounted guns, ammunition in casks and boxes, cordage, chain, blocks, and spare canvas were all piled above and below decks in promiscuous heaps; how the task of putting everything shipshape was to be finished seemed of far less immediate concern than how it was to be begun.

But a week of work that took no account of time slowly brought a semblance of naval trimness to the *Shenandoah*. Magazines were built for the ammunition, the four 8-inch guns and two 32-pounders were set in their carriages, ports were cut for them, all surplus gear snugly stowed away, and the metamorphosis of man-o'-war from merchantman was well-nigh complete. And just in time, for on October 28th the lookout raised a sail to leeward and the *Shenandoah* dropped down the wind to investigate.

The stranger was a barque, flying the English flag, but the cruiser was not to be put off by that. She was flying the English flag herself, to disguise her identity, and as the other's lines bespoke American designing the *Shenandoah* fired a blank shell and signaled the other to heave to. A Confederate officer boarded her and found that while she was indubitably American-built her owners had

craftily transferred her to British registry, so there was nothing to do but let her go her way.

Two days later the raider gave chase with sail and steam to another barque, and upon overhauling her discovered her to be the *Alina* from Searsport, Maine, bound for Buenos Aires. Her captain and crew were taken off, and as she had a value of close to \$100,000 she was immediately scuttled, lest she ever again play a possible part in enemy commerce. Her Yankee company was given the opportunity of signing on the *Shenandoah's* crew at the regular fifteen-pound bounty

rate, and several of them did so, while the rest were slapped into single irons and put in the top-gallant forecastle. Her officers fared better; they were paroled in the freedom of the ward room, where the *Alina's* hard-bitten Down East skipper freely admitted to Waddell that he damn well hoped he would "have a chance of returning your polite attentions before this muss is over, that's all!"

Ploughing south through calm seas, the *Shenandoah* captured one Yankee ship after another. Most of them she burned, taking their crews aboard the raider until the opportunity of putting



"My husband is always telling me about his driving on the golf course!"

them on a neutral ship should come up, but the *Kate Prince*, out of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, she allowed to ransom herself by paying \$40,000 in Yankee money. After leaving a number of prisoners at the little island of Tristan da Cunha and rounding the Cape of Good Hope in a storm that all but sent their ship to the bottom, they made the placid waters of Hobson's Bay, two miles from Melbourne, Australia, on January 25th. They had left Madeira ninety days before that.

Here followed three weeks of gratifying surcease from the rigors of maritime marauding. Crowds of visitors thronged the ship from morning to night, loudly crying their sympathies with the Confederate cause; there was a minority report from a colony of disgruntled Yankees who threatened to blow up the vessel; there was a lovely free-for-all with guns, knives and bung-starters in one of the waterfront taverns between these same Yankees and the raider's crew; there were countless volunteers for enlistment on the *Shenandoah*, and there was a guard of Royal Artillery sent by his excellency the governor to prevent any of Her Britannic Majesty's subjects from thus forgetting their official neutrality. Lastly, while the cruiser was undergoing some final overhauling in the drydock at Melbourne, there was a grand ball during which the younger Southern officers unanimously lost their hearts and the golden buttons from their gray jackets to the Melbourne maidens; and at eight bells in the morning watch of February 17th the *Shenandoah* catted her anchors and pushed her forefoot gurgling past Port Phillips Heads to sea.

The first muster of the crew after leaving port had startling results. Where once scarce sixty men had answered the bosun's summons, nearly a hundred now stood in the swaying line along the deck, and more were mysteriously appearing each moment. Fourteen stowaways crawled out of the foot of the hollow iron bow-sprit; twenty popped up from unused water tanks; and when the chagrined officer of the deck sent a party in frantic search below decks, it returned with another group in tow that had been routed out of one of the holds, bringing the total of unexpected guests up to forty-three. Captain Waddell was called, and when he came forward to view this mass visitation it was with difficulty that he concealed his joy over so many new recruits, under the cloak of outraged dignity that was expected of him.

"I can't throw you scum overboard," he roared, breathing a silent prayer of thanks that he was out of range of the recent Royal Artillerymen, "and I'm damned if I'll turn back with you. But by God! I'll put you all in the brig in irons unless you can give me a right good excuse for being on this vessel!"

In harsh Cockney accents, in the rich brogue of Ireland and the rolling burr of

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Scotia's highlands, in broken French and German and Italian, the newcomers to a man solemnly protested that they were native-born citizens of America's Southern States and desired nothing more than to fight for the Confederacy; surely the captain wouldn't turn down his own dear countrymen in their laudable ambition to be of service to Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee? Snorting his lack of enthusiasm for this preposterous pronouncement—or possibly to stifle his laughter—the captain ordered that the visitors be at once enlisted, and the *Shenandoah* for the first time faced the future with an adequate complement of men before the mast.

For several days the cruiser headed towards New Zealand, but encountering no other ships, abruptly swung north towards the happy hunting grounds of Yankee whalers. Week followed uneventful week; Drummond's Island was sighted and circled—and no sign of a Union craft; Strong's Island—and no better luck. Then on April 1st the *Shenandoah* entered the harbor of Ascension Island, and for once All Fool's Day belied its tradition of whimsy in favor of Waddell's anxious crew. For there, snug in their green-bowered haven were four whaling barques flying the Stars and Stripes. At once the *Shenandoah* broke out the cross-barred banner of the Confederacy, fired a blank shell, and dispatched heavily-armed boarding parties to seize the astounded Yankees who, it was later learned, had been laboring under the impression that this new arrival in their midst was a harmless coastal surveyor. Nor was that the end of the surprise party. The whaling skippers had gone ashore for a day of festive participation in the native social life, and the reception they received upon completing their unsteady return to their charges was a nerve-shattering dampener to their merry mood; their subsequent demeanor was marked by an excess of sobriety, in nowise dissipated by the destruction and sinking of the four prizes.

During the next fortnight the raider rested in her island retreat, taking on fresh water and foodstuffs while liberty parties went ashore and took on personal cargoes of *gorwa*, a local distillation of a variety of fermented roots that had a distinctively negative taste but an equally positive reaction. Then a call of ceremony was made upon the island's cannibal king, the prisoners were given a store of reserve rations and commended to the unappreciative chaperonage of the resident Methodist missionary, and on April 13th the *Shenandoah* left peaceful Ascension to run into a tropical hurricane.

Rushing unheralded over an ominously calm sea, the first furious burst of wind heeled the cruiser over until she wet the tips of her lower yards. With rare seamanship the bosun, a "Southerner" by adoption from twenty years in the Brit-

ish navy, got her back on an even keel and swung her off to race before the wind. Sails blew out and somehow were replaced and reefed and reefed again, royal yards were sent down and secured, one mighty wave forced the deck ports to be re-opened, another comber swept a seaman from the forecastle whither he was returned—pleasantly surprised but unharmed—by a succeeding sea, and after eleven hours came at last a pelting rain to beat down the angry crests and permit the Confederates to retrace the hundred miles they had been blown from their course.

The *Shenandoah's* route now lay due north for the Arctic Circle whaling grounds, and on May 20th a snow squall presaged the approaching goal. The next dawn brought Kamchatka and the first ice fields into view, and at noon was sighted the first sail in nearly two months. Drawing near, Waddell hoisted the Russian ensign to which the other replied with the United States flag; the Czarist emblem was then changed for the Stars and Bars and the usual routine of capture indulged in. A blank shot from a 12-pounder . . . a boarding party . . . the transfer of Yankee skipper and crew and provisions . . . a torch applied below decks . . . and the *Shenandoah* had logged her fourteenth victim, the whaler *Abigail*, out of New Bedford.

Although she had in her fifty-year-old hulk only a few barrels of sperm oil, the *Abigail's* hold yielded more than thirty barrels of whiskey, a circumstance that turned her otherwise conventional capture into one of the merriest events in



"ARMY EMERGENCY RELIEF" WILL BE ADMINISTERED BY THE WAR DEPT.

the *Shenandoah's* history. The liquor was carefully stowed away on board the cruiser for future medicinal use, but the forecastle gang diligently effected access to its hiding place and the subsequent nocturnal hilarity brought out the officers on the run.

The deck watch was hastily ordered to round up the roystering seamen but in no time at all the deck watch was adding its mouths to the bottles and its voices to the general uproar. Horrified petty officers, bent on restoring order, disappeared into the melee only to reappear with more roll to their walk than was their habit and caroling ribald songs to the moon. Not to put too fine a point on it, the entire enlisted personnel of the ship was as tight as so many proverbial owls; with ropes' ends and belaying pins the officers worked till sunup before the last giggling votary of Bacchus was tossed into irons to sleep off the effects of one of the most stupendously successful sprees in naval annals.

As soon as the cruiser's crew could again understand orders the journey toward the midnight sun was resumed. Siberia was sighted and plans made to raid the headquarters of the whaling fleet at Jones Island in the Sea of Okhotsk; but two jams in ice fields and the recollection of what had happened to Dr. Kane not so long ago under similar conditions prompted Captain Waddell to shift his course for Bering Straits and the Arctic Ocean.

In this endeavor he received the expert assistance of the second mate of the late *Abigail*, one Thomas S. Manning, de-

scribed by a shipmate as "a Baltimorean by birth and a reprobate by nature." Though he once voted for Lincoln, this individual begged to be allowed to join the *Shenandoah's* crew and promised to guide the raider to the whaling fleet she sought. He was thereupon freed from his irons, appointed to the indefinable rank of "ship's corporal," and despite the distaste with which the rest of his associates looked upon his traitorous actions, quickly made good his boast.

Cape Thaddeus on the coast of Asia was raised nine days later, together with two more ships from New Bedford; these were quickly destroyed, and on June 24th the *Shenandoah* nosed her way through the Arctic fog into the very center of the Bering Straits whaling fleet. On every side the unsuspecting vessels drifted idly about their oleaginous business and to the nearest of these, the *Milo* from New Bedford, the raider made her way through the seal- and ice-infested waters. Quickly arrangements were completed whereby the *Milo* ransomed herself for \$40,000 and the promise to take the *Shenandoah's* current captives to San Francisco, and the Confederates then turned their attention to two neighboring ships which had apparently sensed that something was amiss and were trying to get away as fast as possible.

But neither of them could match the combined speed of the *Shenandoah's* sails and screw, and in a couple of hours two more Massachusetts hulls—the *Sophia Thornton* and the *Jireh Swift*—had added their fine old Yankee names to Davey Jones's roster.

The following day the gray raider seized and sank the brig *Susan and Abigail*—from San Francisco, by way of variety—and the day after that the *General Williams* from New London; then New Bedford got into the proceedings again via the prizes *William C. Nye* and *Catherine*. The *Shenandoah's* roll of prisoners now numbered over two hundred, so the last instalment was herded in twelve whaleboats which were towed astern as the Confederates made off after five more sails which had lifted over the horizon.

The nearest ship turned out to be New Bedford's *General Pike*, ransomed to take home the prisoners for \$30,000. Of the remaining vessels two escaped, but the raider got the others and on June 28th accomplished what was to be her last and biggest haul for the Southern cause. Beginning early in the morning with the scuttling of the New Bedford barque *Waverly*, by noon the *Shenandoah* had stumbled on a group of ten whalers gathered to give assistance to one of their number who had been stove.

To Waddell and his companions it seemed too good to be true. Systematically the prize crews from the *Shenandoah* went to ship after ship, and from ship after ship as systematically returned with their prisoners of war. It was as



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than the American frontiersman!"**

The Dan Boone Tree still stands in Tennessee, a unique monument to a great American. Its inscription was carved almost two centuries ago by Daniel Boone himself.

Dan may have been a little weak on spelling, but he was strong on character. Frontier life developed in Americans the love of liberty, the self-reliance and the resourcefulness which constitute our greatest strength today. The sport of hunting has helped keep those qualities alive, generation after generation.

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easy and unexciting as shooting at sitting ducks until the last of the ill-starred fleet, the *Favorite*, was reached. Then the picture surprisingly changed.

Standing grimly on his quarterdeck, a cutlass in one hand and a huge navy revolver in the other, the *Favorite's* hardy old master eyed with high contempt the Confederates who were rowing towards him.

"Ahoy there!" he peremptorily challenged. "What boat is that, and what do you want?"

The Southerners rested on their oars in surprise. "We come to inform you that your vessel is a prize to the Confederate steamer *Shenandoah*!"

"I'll be damned if she is! Keep off, or I'll fire into you!" The white-whiskered shellback patted the barrel of a harpoon gun near him, and nodded significantly towards his crew who were carrying muskets. The small boat backed water in consternation, and the *Shenandoah* herself ranged up within hailing distance, to assert final authority.

"You, sir, haul down that flag!" belowned the officer of the deck. "Haul it down, I say, and be quick about it!"

The other directed a stream of tobacco juice casually over the rail. "Haul it down yourself, damn you, if you think it will be good for your constitution!"

"If you don't haul it down, we'll blow you out of the water!" raged the officer, while a snicker ran through the ranks of the gray crew.

The Yankee skipper did more than snicker; he laughed outright and made rude gestures with thumb and fingers. "Blow away, my lad, but I'll be eternally damned if I haul down that flag for any blasted Confederate pirate that ever floated!"

War was war, but the cold-blooded destruction of an unarmed whaler was not in Captain Waddell's book of tactics, so he smilingly ordered out an armed boat's crew for final persuasion of the valiant old man, who eventually capitulated—but still left his captors to lower his flag themselves. Everything was over by five o'clock.

Flushed with unprecedented success though they were, the Southerners could still remember that their traditional gal-

lantry was no empty boast. On one of their prizes, the *James Murray*, was found the widow and three small children of her captain, who had died at sea. All four were hysterical with fear of the fate that would befall them at the hands of the dreaded enemy, but Captain Waddell at once ransomed the *Murray* and started her off for 'Frisco with as many prisoners as she could hold, in convoy of the *Nile*, also ransomed and loaded with captive Yankees. The eight remaining prizes were then fired and the *Shenandoah* came about and stood for southern waters, having almost completely wiped out New Bedford's whaling industry.

Alone on the bosom of the mighty Pacific the Confederate raider sailed for a month into ever warmer weather. Then the English barque *Barracouta* was spoken, and a boat sent over to her to get the latest news of the world from which the *Shenandoah* had so long been out of touch. When that boat returned it brought the worst of all possible tidings. Vicksburg had fallen . . . Richmond had fallen . . . Sherman had marched from Atlanta to the sea . . . Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stuart were dead . . . Lee had surrendered to Grant! The war was over, the Southern cause lost, Jeff Davis in prison—and Lincoln assassinated.

Stricken speechless by this ghastly news so cruelly broken to them, the Southern men on the raider were tortured by feelings that can better be imagined than described. Their dreams of certain conquest shattered, their own record of success meaningless now—at one sudden blow they found themselves without a flag, without a country. Nor was their situation made less onerous by the knowledge that they had unwittingly been destroying United States shipping for at least three months after hostilities had ceased, and the certainty that their Yankee foes would now regard them as no better than pirates and treat them accordingly.

A round robin, signed by officers and crew, was at once presented to Captain Waddell, urging that he sail for Australia or Africa where ship and men could be safely interned. But he would have none of it; from the British Isles he had led

the expedition and to the British Isles he would return it, come hell or high water. So in keeping with the changed status of the *Shenandoah* the guns were dismounted and stowed below, the ports boarded up, and the long and dreary return journey—one begun under such happy auguries—was continued. Down and around Cape Horn, through the iceberg lanes, past the Azores; for ninety-odd days and nights the raider slogged south and east and north, dodging every distant sail towards which she once would have proudly sped with every stitch of canvas drawing, and every man at battle stations.

And then at last the Irish coast, and the pilot who confirmed the *Barracouta's* story, and Liverpool.

H. M. S. *Donegal* sent over a prize crew to walk the deck whence so many prize crews had themselves once gone forth to glory; the last Confederate flag still flying anywhere in all the world came down for the last time; the day of the *Shenandoah*, sole survivor of a bravely-lost cause, was done.

In the fullness of time Her Majesty's minister of foreign affairs was graciously pleased to grant their freedom to all members of the raider's company. The *Shenandoah* was turned over to the U. S. Consul at Liverpool. She was later purchased by the Sultan of Zanzibar, and met a fitting death in a gale.

Of the doughty mariners who sailed the *Shenandoah* to capture 38 prizes with a total value of \$1,356,123, to seize 1,053 prisoners and to obtain ransoms of \$166,100, little more is known. Some of the officers eventually found their way back to the States; most of the men slipped away into the waterfront anonymity that had produced them. Captain Waddell went from Liverpool to Paris, and then came to New York, where he entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company—a dull and prosaic existence to which he never could accustom himself after his service on the *Shenandoah*. And in 1886 he left it for that marine Valhalla where his old command had so long been waiting for him with steam up, sails set, and the ghosts of Yankee square-riggers to board and capture.

A Jap-Slap of 1863

(Continued from page 11)
the attack on the *Pembroke*, the *Wyoming* was ready to clear for home.

When the news of the other engagements came in there was a combined protest from Great Britain, France, the Netherlands and the United States. But it soon became evident that the mikado would take no decisive steps in the matter, so McDougal told the representatives of the offended powers that if the mikado would not act, he, McDougal,

would if invested with the proper authority. He was immediately given *carte blanche* to settle accounts with Prince Mori for the combined nations.

McDougal ordered coal and stores aboard, borrowed two pilots from the Japanese government and weighed anchor.

He had no chart of the Straits of Shimonoseki, but he had learned that the draught of the prince's largest vessel, the *Lancefield*, was no less than that

of the *Wyoming*, and knew that wherever his enemy went he could safely follow.

The *Wyoming* reached the eastern end of the straits on the evening of July 15th. There McDougal anchored to await a favorable tide. The crew, wild with excitement at the prospects of a fight, was aroused at five the following morning and the warship moved slowly up the straits.

As she rounded the Shiroyama prom-

ontory and came in sight of the shore batteries, signal guns were fired by the Japanese, the signals being repeated farther up the shore. A few minutes later the first shot struck the *Wyoming*, cutting away her windsail halyard.

The crew was beat to quarters. Before the *Wyoming's* guns could swing into action a second shot hummed over the ship and fell into the sea beyond. Two of the prince's war vessels immediately showed up and soon the third was discovered lying half-concealed by her consorts.

McDougal ran up the Stars and Stripes and headed for the prince's fleet under a shower of shot and shell from the shore batteries. All hands were ordered ready for boarding, but when he saw that the *Lancefield* was getting up steam, McDougal beat his crew back to quarters, opened on her with his starboard battery of thirty-two pounders. Soon his big eleven-inch Dahlgren pivot guns joined in.

In a short time the four vessels were circling about each other, working every gun to its fullest power. The *Wyoming* passed clear through the Japanese fleet, seemingly wrapped in sheets of flame. Nearly all her shots struck the prince's vessels with telling effect.

After making the passage between the enemy vessels the *Wyoming* found herself near the southern shore where six batteries and the bark concentrated their

fire upon her. Once she grounded, but her powerful propeller worked her out of the mud.

McDougal soon had the brig in a sinking condition and unheeding the hot fire from the batteries and the *Daniel Webster*, he gave his undivided atten-



tion to the bigger *Lancefield*. Out-maneuvering her from start to finish he raked her unmercifully. Soon she was ablaze from stem to stern, her crew jumping frantically into the water.

At this time gunner Peter King, in charge of the forward Dahlgren, saw the prince's private steamer *Koshin Maru* west of the shore batteries. He

put a shot through her hull just above the water line, piercing her boiler and setting her on fire. The shot passed on into the town and exploded among the houses.

The guns of the bark were still being fired as fast as they could be loaded, so McDougal placed the *Wyoming* across her bow and raked her until she was a floating wreck. Then, turning his attention to the shore batteries which were still firing spitefully, with unerring precision he dropped red-hot shells into the earthworks. They were soon ablaze, the occupants fleeing back into the town.

At 7:30, when every Japanese gun ashore or afloat was silenced, and the prince's vessels either sunk or in a sinking condition, McDougal drew off to determine the extent of his injuries.

The *Wyoming* had been hit by twenty shots, half of which had entered her hull. But she had been struck in no vital spot, was still in good fighting trim.

McDougal made a final check-up of the situation in the straits and on the shore, decided that further action would mean useless slaughter, and stood out of the straits to make his report to the representative of the allied powers at Yokohama.

McDougal received a promotion as a reward for his gallant action, and upon his retirement at the age of sixty-four he was made a rear-admiral. His death occurred at San Francisco in 1882.



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That Trench Mirror

(Continued from page 24)

tain the polished surface. It certainly took a beating.

All of our equipment, including the little mirror, was thrown into disrepute at Apremont by the arrival at our position of a lieutenant coming direct from GHQ at Chaumont. His boots were polished; ours were muddy. His uniform was clean and pressed; ours were stained and wrinkled. His mirror was untarnished; mine was getting dull. He was a gallant soldier who had asked for a transfer because he wanted to fight, and in a fighting Battery he soon found that he couldn't hold to his sartorial standards, and that we wouldn't lift ourselves to them. Soon we were sloshing around together, and my mirror felt better!

In June, we came to Château-Thierry.

This was a different kind of fighting. No trenches, no prepared gun-positions, deeply sunk underground and well covered overhead. Once, the guns stood in an orchard, each piece sheltered by the arching branches of an apple tree. The location had been selected from a nearby hill-top, and when we reached it, we found that the ground was covered with a closely-planted crop of onions. Then there was "weeping and gnashing of teeth!" Shortly after, we moved to the edge of a wood; and then forward

again to a concealing hedge close to Belleau Wood.

It was near here that I lost my mirror.

Our rapid movements had taught us to carry whatever we needed with us, and the mirror was in my pocket. Somehow, it fell out, leaving its case behind. I did not miss it at once, for after too-busy a period for using it, I was hit and carried to a first-aid station and then back to a field-hospital at la-Ferte-sous-Jouarre. My blouse had to be discarded, and in emptying the pockets—and what an odd assortment *that* produced!—we found the empty case. I kept it. Why? Premonition, I guess.

All through my hospitalization, this empty case kept turning up, and each time I handled it, I wondered where my mirror might be and what it would be reflecting; and then I always packed the case away again.

I came finally to Base Hospital No. 10 in Boston; and one evening the Coburns brought "The Better 'Ole" to our recreation hall. Three beds were set up close to the stage, and I was in one of them.

Someone in the audience behind us asked the names of the men in the beds, and so he learned mine.

The next morning, a nurse told me that a patient from another ward wanted to see me. He came in, wearing hospital

pajamas, and silently handed me the little mirror. I asked him to rummage through the kit under my bed; he found the case, and slid the mirror back into the slot from which it had been missing for so long.

He had found it by the side of the road which leads from Lucy-le-Bocage to Bouresches, lying at just such an angle that it glinted in the sun; and he had picked it up and slipped it into his pocket.

Now, the countryside thereabouts was covered with equipment of every variety, and he could have stuffed his pockets with all manner of military paraphernalia. What he did stop to pick up was my mirror, and he brought it, through all the chances of war, to Base Hospital No. 10.

Strange, isn't it? After service with me in the Artillery, the little mirror transferred to Infantry, and went through the last gruelling months of the War. I wish some magic rubbing might re-enact some of the scenes it reflected—the long marches, the crawling through underbrush, the quick digging of fox-holes, the dawn charges over the top. Then it saw the agony of a wound, and the long series of first-aid station, field hospital, base hospital, and another Atlantic crossing. And so to Boston, and back into its case in my kit.

And now it's ready for another war! This time we'll finish the job!

Too Much Trouble

(Continued from page 9)

"You say this guy just walks in on you, without if-you-please or go-to-hell or anything?"

"That's right. He must hide, he say to me. He sit in *mein* good chair, mister, in front of *mein* stove. He smoke *mein* tobacco, eats five, six eggs every day. And always in German . . . good high German like Preacher Vogel's sermons . . . he say I must help him for Hitler."

"For Hitler?" Casey repeated, standing up. "He told you that?"

"Ja." Bohne nodded soberly. "I must make sure nobody finds this Friederich, I must feed him, I must leave him sleep in my bed, I must give him tobacco . . . all for Hitler. Only me, I don't like Hitler. Not very much, mister. Me, I'm good American. I got first papers. But Friederich is bad man."

"Why didn't you konk him and toss him out in the snow?"

"On account *mein* brother. He is yet in Germany. This Friederich, it seems, he knows all about *mein* brother Paul. In Ansbach . . . that is in Bavaria . . . where also I come from, Paul lives. If I do not help this Friederich, he say Paul will be in trouble. Him and his wife and babies."

Casey's red face grew redder and he swore quietly, then reached for his hat.

"We'll go get this guy," he said. "I need him in my business."

But Bohne protested nervously. Friederich could see anyone approach by daylight, could escape through the woods behind the house. Casey should wait till dark.

Casey agreed; he'd arrive at seven o'clock. "One other thing," he asked. "Does this Nazi say what he's been doing or where he's been or where he's going?"

"He tell me it is none of *mein* business. What he do is for the leader, he tell me. My job is to obey."

"He didn't bring anything like a radio with him when he came?"

"Himmel, no!" Bohne shook his head. "He have nothing."

"Has he gone out nights?"

"Not nights or days."

After the farmer left, Casey called the Federal Communications Commission office downstate. He spoke cryptically. No, the mysterious radio signals had not been overheard since Thursday. For a minute Casey sat thoughtfully. It sort of added up. He might take something worth while back to headquarters after all.

And now it was evening and he was walking down the side road, following Bohne's directions. He came to the mailbox nailed to a pine stump, and fifty paces beyond it he crossed the little culvert. After that he slowed down, keeping a sharp lookout to the north.

Bohne's lane cut off through the woods without calling attention to itself. Casey turned into it. Under the overhanging branches it was quite dark now and snow still lay here in deep moist ridges. Walking carefully, Casey unbuttoned his overcoat and pulled the .38 police model part way out of his shoulder holster to make sure it would lift quickly.

The lane left the woods at the edge of a field, just as Bohne had said, and Casey, following directions, turned sharply to the right across the frozen stubble. This would bring him to the kitchen door. He walked a hundred yards, keeping to the heavier darkness on the edge of the poplar woods, then paused and strained his eyes, trying to make out the house, which should be straight ahead. Bohne had promised a light in the kitchen window. But there was no light. Casey felt a sudden uneasiness like a gust of cold wind. What

if . . . he started on again more rapidly.

A little animal in the brush startled him. "Skittish as a recruit, ain't you?" he complained to himself. Then far off to the east a dog barked and just as far in the other direction some farmer's jalopy was panting and backfiring on a hill.

The house loomed up suddenly. Yes, it was straight ahead of him as Bohne had said. But still no light burned in any window. Casey checked back on the farmer's description . . . house here, down that way a corner—over there under the big hemlocks that darker blur must be the barn. Behind it the land fell away through cedar woods to the river bottom where a branch of the Manistee drained out of the hills. But still no light showed at any window in the farmhouse.

Casey started suddenly toward the house, making no more effort at secrecy. The four wooden steps creaked under his weight and when he rapped the thin door panel gave off an empty echo like a drum. There was no other sound. Holding his gun in front of him, Casey gave the door a mighty kick. It crashed inward and he dodged aside, yelling, "Come out of there, you!"

Still no sound. He turned on his flashlight. Its bull's-eye first touched an old wood stove with a tin coffee pot upset on it and a pair of socks drying behind the water tank. The light moved to a cupboard painted light blue, then to the picture of an angel on a calendar, then a table with a checkered cloth and some unwashed dishes. Then beyond the table, on the floor, a pair of boots close together, toes up, sticking out from behind the cloth. They were motionless.

Casey slid into the room, keeping his back to the wall and sweeping his flashlight once around the four sides. But he knew that was unnecessary. There was no other living thing in the house. He leaned across the corner of the table and looked down. Yes, it was Bohne the farmer on his back there. He was dead, of course. Beaten to death. Beside his head lay a short, smooth billet of stove wood. One end of it was stained. No need to search far for the weapon. The beam of the flashlight wavered. Casey heard himself swearing. He looked again and looked away. Never before had he seen a man with his tongue cut out.

"Nice people, the Nazis," he said furiously.

He was angry at himself, too. If he had come out here at noon as he wanted, instead of letting the old farmer talk him into waiting for dark, this, at least, wouldn't have happened. The question was, how had the German discovered that Bohne had gone to the police? And when had he discovered it?

Hunting the answers, Casey once more poked his flashlight up and down,

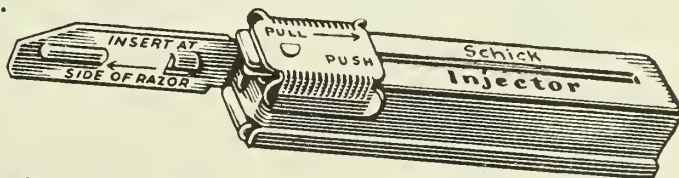
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SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

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left and right. Bohne had left the police post at half-past eleven. It was an hour's drive here in that jalopy. That would have brought him home at twelve-thirty. He'd worn his best Sunday clothes to town; now the body was dressed in patched overalls and a torn work-shirt.

Give him fifteen minutes to change his clothes, a few minutes more for Friederich to needle the truth out of him . . . at very earliest the battle had been at a quarter to one. Casey swung the flashlight down, then went to his knees. Under the trailing edge of the tablecloth was an alarm clock. Its glass was broken and scattered; it had been knocked here in the fight and stepped on besides. The hands had stopped at three minutes past one.

"May be a clue," Casey told himself, then added, "And maybe not."

Whether or not, he'd better get help and get it quick. He'd screwed up the case enough already. But before going to a telephone, he'd get this picture fixed in his mind. Troopers and sheriffs sometimes tramped out good evidence. Seemed to be plenty of it lying around, too.

Bohne's house had only one room. From where he stood Casey could see it all. The other end, with an iron bed and a make-shift cot, served as sleeping quarters. The weapon had come from the wood-box beside the stove. It was light, dry poplar, the kind most farmers burned hereabouts. Friederich had swung that chunk viciously and dropped it beside the body.

Casey looked further. There was the coffee pot, turned over on the stove, showing that Bohne had struggled for his life. And the trampled clock on the floor, pointing to three minutes past one. If that was when the murder happened, the German had six hours' start. Casey got down and stared at the clock again, still without touching it. That looked like a bloody thumb mark on the nickel-plated bell. Yes, a thumb mark, dark brown. Something for the laboratory to check.

He glanced at the old stove and touched it with his hand. It was not hot, only slightly warm; he lifted a lid and looked into the fire box. Two or three sticks of half-burned dry poplar lay on the grates. The drafts were open. He shook his head uncertainly, then carefully lifted the top of the old-fashioned water heater at the back and dipped his finger into it.

"Stayed hot," he commented to himself, and muttered again that six hours was a long time.

After twenty minutes, he closed the door carefully behind him. Down at the barn a dog began to bark and Casey turned in that direction, keeping his flashlight pointed down at the path. As he expected, there was a lean-to against the side of the barn, facing

south. On poor farms like this such a shed usually did for a garage.

Here in the open where the sun had shone this afternoon, there was no snow on the ground but the surface was frozen. No tire marks—the shed empty.

Any car, even a jalopy like poor old Bohne's, could add up a lot of miles in six hours. From one o'clock to seven . . . a fellow could be almost to the Ohio line by now. That probably was what the Nazi had figured, too. Unhur-

He had finished and was wiping his hands carefully on his handkerchief when Casey asked how long Bohne had been dead.

"Can't tell. Room's too cold. Maybe a couple of hours, maybe all day. Sure, he was killed instantly. You see . . . the left parietal is crushed just above the lambdoid suture. . . ."

"How about talking English?" Casey asked.

The coroner frowned and said, "Okay,



"Kitchy, kitchy goo!"

riedly Casey started for his own car at the crossroad. If the brass hats at headquarters would only issue him a new two-way radio, he'd save a lot of rubber. He backed his car into the highway, had driven nearly a mile before he found a lighted house. From there he telephoned to Traverse City post.

"Listen, Sarge," he said.

He told briefly what he knew, kept to himself what he guessed, waited while the sergeant established the license number of Bohne's missing car, RZ 40,600. On the way back to the crossroad, where the Traverse City sergeant had promised to meet him in fifty minutes, Casey heard downstate patrols getting their radio directions.

"Car 21," the dispatcher was ordering, "cover U.S.131 Grand Rapids to Kalamazoo. Car 88, take U.S.27, Marshall to the state line. Watch for RZ 40,600. . . ."

Casey listened uneasily. It might take more than holding down crossroads and patrolling highways to catch up with Friederich.

The cold floor of Bohne's little house creaked under the tramping of heavy men, troopers and deputy sheriffs, a district detective with his fingerprint kit, the coroner, finally the undertaker and his assistant. The undertaker brought a gasoline flare that threw a white, unsympathetic light and with its help the coroner made his examination. He didn't take much time.

if you want it in A-B-C. He was hit on the back of the skull . . . left of the middle, fairly low."

"Back?" Casey repeated.

"That's right. The fellow must have stood behind him. Blow probably delivered upward . . . I'll show you. . . ." He picked up the piece of firewood, balanced it a moment, shifted it to his left hand, then swung it slowly at an imaginary victim. "One blow was enough. Cutting out the tongue was an afterthought. The Nazis have a word for it. *Schrecklichkeit*, is what they call it."

Casey stood the stick of wood carefully near the door. It was evidence of a sort, even if the surface was too rough for fingerprints.

"What prints you find on the clock?" he asked the district detective.

"Just the one latent. It's blood, all right."

"Um," Casey said, and followed the coroner out of doors.

"Where you think you're going?" the district sergeant asked.

"Bed," Casey said and pretended not to hear the sergeant scolding about plainclothes men have a snap in this man's force.

But there wasn't any reason for staying out all night, Casey argued. If Friederich had got safely away with all afternoon to drive downstate, the patrols might pick him up; if he hadn't gone that far, you certainly couldn't find him

in the dark in this wilderness. Riding back to town Casey picked up the radio dispatches to police cars watching for the Nazi south of Grand Rapids.

"Car 43," he heard, "man in model A Ford driving west on Route 60 from Concord five minutes ago. Answers description in Dispatch 873. Look him over."

Three minutes later, while the dispatcher was sending Car 109 to check on an abandoned machine at Battle Creek, Casey suddenly slapped on his own brake.

A peculiar sound was sputtering in his radio receiver. It might be dots and dashes, might not. Whatever it was, it lasted only three or four minutes. In Traverse City, Casey called the Federal listening post again.

"Anything from up north tonight?" he asked.

"About ten minutes ago," came the reply. "Code message. We don't seem able to translate it. A spark set. Pretty broad spark, I'd say."

"Um," Casey answered.

He went immediately to bed. In the morning when he tramped downstairs, the district sergeant was still up, sitting glumly at the watch desk.

"Hope you had a nice sleep," he said.

"Sure did." Casey pretended not to know irony. "Any news."

"Bohne's still dead and from latest reports, Friederich's still missing."

"I expected as much."

"The guy got through before we put out the blockade," the sergeant added. "We notified Indiana and Ohio . . . after you went to bed . . . to be on the lookout."

Casey said pleasantly, "Well, I'll be seein' you," and after breakfast drove slowly toward Bohne's farm. At the last crossroad, he halted. A big truck with coils of wire hanging to its sides stood on the shoulder of the highway and a lineman with climbers strapped to his legs was getting out. Casey glanced at the truck. Yes, the sign on its side said it belonged to Michigan Public Service. Still, he'd better check.

"Putting up a new line?" he asked.

"Just stringing new wire," the lineman answered. He waved across the hills in the general direction of the dead Bohne's farm. "Power line was in bad shape from the old hydro station at Gumpert's Lake dam. Haven't been using that station for quite some time, but with defense and everything. . . ."

"Didn't know there was a power plant back there." Casey offered a cigarette and held a match.

"Not much of a plant, I got to say," the lineman answered. "Take plenty of money to put it back in service. But the old high line from across the county runs through it and that's what we're fixing up."

He threw a coil of wire over his

shoulder and was starting away when Casey halted him again.

"How do I get to that station?" he asked, and the lineman looked hard at him.

"What's it to you?" he wanted to know. Casey opened his palm, showing his badge. "Oh," the fellow said. "Had quite a killing last night, I hear. Why, this power plant, it's over past that farmhouse where the killing was and down through the woods at the dam. Gumpert's Lake backs up behind the dam and that fellow Bohne's farm was along the edge of it. Only you can't see it on account the woods."

"Thanks, buddy," Casey said, and got into his car. He drove on to the farm. A sleepy trooper was on duty. From the field a dozen neighbors were staring at the shabby little house. Another farmer was down at the barn taking care of the stock, the trooper said.

None of the neighbors had ever heard of Friederich or any other stranger in the hills. They were dull folk, except one. That one lived on the next farm and got Casey's ear, to say insistently that this guy Friederich couldn't have got away last evening without him hearing the car climbing the hill.

"John Bohne's car was kind of on the noisy side," he said. "I always knowed when he went to town and come home again. I heard it yesterday noon. We

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was eating dinner. It was around one o'clock, new time."

"Um," Casey said, and left them and went into the house. He came out after a moment and stood looking across fields. There was only the one road into the place.

"Well, how could this Nazi get out then," he asked the neighbor, "if he didn't drive up your hill? Across fields?"

"Not with no car. Not a chance, mister. There's the lake down that-a-way yonder of the woods, and over there's the river and on the other side the swamp."

"How about the dam at the power house? Could he have driven across it?"

"Nope. Roadway's been rotted out for years."

"How about the lake? Could he have crossed the ice?"

"Ain't thick enough. Most places there ain't no ice, anyhow."

"Well," Casey growled, "if he couldn't get out and he's not here, where is he?"

THE farmer took a mouthful of scrap and chewed hard, and Casey left him. He spent three minutes in the barn, less than that in the barnyard. Lighting his pipe in the shelter of the corncrib, he thought over the clues that so far he had turned up. There weren't many of them and they weren't very clear.

But they did point in one direction. He crossed the edge of the frozen potato field toward the woodlot. It was from there the stranger had appeared when he first knocked on Bohne's door. At the edge of the woodlot, which served also as a pasture, a new woven wire fence topped by one barbed strand ran along the edge of the potato field.

Snow remained only in small patches and the earth was hard with frost. Casey started in at the fence corner and walked along it slowly, examining the wire. After some ten rods he found a place where the woven fencing had been cut and re-stapled to a post and he stopped to examine the break. It was made at the right-hand side of a stretch between posts. Casey grunted and went on.

He followed the line into the woods and found a second cut in the wire, this time beside a left-hand post. Again it had been stapled back in place. Casey examined the frozen earth. There were no tracks. But he took off his overcoat, folded it, and dropped it on the other side and climbed over. The woods slanted sharply down the hill. Before he moved out of sight of the barnyard, he looked back and grinned. He knew what the trooper back there was thinking: Trust a crazy dick from headquarters to go off half-cocked! What did he expect to find down on the river bank?

Casey found what he expected. The woods were open from much grazing, trees far apart, with little underbrush. They fell away to the edge of the stream

where a clay bank dropped off sharply to deep water. The supply pond behind the dam broadened to a hundred yards, but only little islands of floating ice spotted the surface. Keeping inside the screen of woods, Casey studied the opposite shore and down river made out the small, square brick box that must be the old power house on the dam, and the electric wires stretching from it.

Closer at hand, the edge of the bank had recently been broken away and a willow sapling, uprooted, tilted its head into the water. Keeping to the heavier woods, Casey returned to the barnyard.

"Find anything down there?" the young trooper asked. He even had the nerve to smile and Casey looked at him hard before he replied, "Why, yes, youngster, I found quite a bit. I'm a great lover of nature."

From the neighbor's house he called district headquarters again and asked for a couple of good men and a stout bamboo pole.

"Right away," the sergeant agreed.

"Oh, no," Casey said. "No hurry. Not till dark."

"He'll get away again," the sergeant objected, "waiting till dark."

"He ain't going anywhere," Casey said. "Thought that last night. Know it now."

The sergeant sighed. "Have it your way. I'll send Gagan and young Perch."

The two troopers arrived at dusk. Casey led them to the river bank.

"Bohne's jalopy, it's in that deep hole," he said, pointing. "See where it was shoved over the bank? Took the willow bush with it."

He edged forward and looked downstream. As he'd hoped, it was too dark to see the powerhouse. He reached for the bamboo pole the troopers had brought and probed the water with it.

"There it is!" he said triumphantly. "There's the car! Want to poke at it yourself? It's on its side. I'm touching a wheel now."

"Killer's in it, too?" Trooper Gagan demanded. He seized the pole.

"No, no," Casey said. "No, he's up and around."

YOUNG Perch objected. "Who'd be that screwy, to toss a car in the river when he could lam off in it?"

"This kraut was," Casey said. "Krauts is very thorough. They go to a lot of trouble with psychology and sometimes it don't get them anywhere. This one figures, if the car's gone, we think he's gone, too. Only he outsmarts himself. He poured it on too thick."

Both men looked at him doubtfully.

"Like that alarm clock," Casey said. "It was planted, too. He not only wants us to think he's took Bohne's car, but that he took it 'round noon. Three minutes past one. So he smashes the clock, like it was busted in a fight, and sets the hands back."

"You're only guessing," Gagan said.

"Um." Casey started up the hill. "This kraut, he leaves a thumbprint on it. Happen to notice it was bloody? Okay, he's touched it after he yanks out Bohne's tongue. Fixed it for one o'clock. But at seven when I get there, the water in the stove tank is still pretty hot. It would cool in six hours in that cold house. So what?"

Neither man answered him.

"So the fire hadn't been out six hours," Casey said. "He kept it stoked till dark, when it'd be safe to push the car in the river. That was dry poplar. The drafts were open, but the wood hadn't burned out, the way it would naturally. It only half-burned, like he'd wet it down. Why? Well, if he can make us think he lit out at one, then we'll figure he's had time to go a long ways and we'll act according. Hunt downstate, instead of 'round here."

THEY came to the fence.

"Took too much trouble," Casey said, "that's his failing. Like cutting the fence here and nailing it back after he got the car through."

"How'd you know it was him cut it?" Perch challenged.

"Left-handed," Casey said. "A left-handed man cuts at the right side of a post. See? And the Nazi was left-handed. You couldn't sock a guy the way he did Bohne with your right hand. Coroner proved that, only didn't notice what he was proving." He glanced back toward the powerhouse. "We'll go sit in my car," he told the bewildered troopers, "and wait till it's good and dark."

But Gagan, who was smart, had caught the direction of his eyes. "You think he's hiding now down in that power house?"

"Said we'd wait a little while and see, didn't I?" Casey repeated.

He turned on his car radio. It was 8:45. The evening grist was coming in, an accident on U.S.27, a runaway girl from Pontiac, a fight near Flint. The nine o'clock time report just had sounded when unexpectedly the illicit signals spluttered again.

"There it is," Casey cried.

The slow dots and dashes were louder than they had been last night, but still not clear-cut. They faded off and on with the frying sound a wet branch, scraping a high-tension wire, sometimes makes in a receiver.

Casey started running for the woods.

"You, Gagan, slip across the dam," he directed. "Watch the planks. They're rotted, the lineman said. Head the fellow off that side. Perch, you stay this side. I'll try to get in."

Perch argued, "You're sure, Sarge, he ain't drowned a-ready, back in that car?"

"Will you do what I say?" Casey thundered.

Water, rushing through the sluices,

made enough noise to cover the sound of feet. Casey stooped low, taking advantage of bushes. He saw Gagan start across the dam, a running black shadow quickly lost in other shadows on the far side. Casey walked rapidly toward the powerhouse.

In spite of darkness, he could see its square silhouette midway across the dam and the tall double poles and cross-arms of the lead-out wires above it. He tried to step carefully on the rotted planks. The darker rectangle on the wall would be a window and beyond it a door.

He was ducking past the window when a plank shifted under his weight. He tried too late to jump aside. The heavy end lifted and dropped with a thud. Even above the rush of water the sound was audible. He flattened against the wall and cursed himself for a big-footed cow.

He had started forward when he heard a shout, saw a flash, heard a shot. It came from the brush where Perch was hiding. Then Perch yelled, "Quick, Sarge! In the river! He went out the window. . . ."

Gagan, too, was running, the beam of his light streaking up and down the white water below the flume. The stream was narrow here, between stone retaining walls. Twice Casey fell before he got to level ground where the river widened.

He had his own flashlight out. But it was Gagan who first found the man floating. The beam settled on the fellow's head, let it escape, and Casey's, too, touched it, lost it, touched it again. And then he found himself knee deep in the swift water . . . waist deep . . . and suddenly he clutched the swimmer's wet coat tightly.

"Should of let you drown," Casey panted, dragging him ashore. "Ruinin' my best suit o' clothes . . . come along! Spit out some water and get ready to talk! Put them bracelets on him, Gagan. That's better!"

In the power plant Casey studied the sending set the man had built. With an old carbon lamp for a jump spark he'd wired a jack-knife into the highline; by opening and closing, it could send ragged dots and dashes to blanket half the broadcast band. Beside it spread a map of the State. Casey examined it under his flashlight, near Houghton Lake found a penciled circle.

"Um," he pointed to it. "So you got the detention camp located, have you? And that's where you send messages?" To himself he muttered, "And we thought nobody knew where it was at!" "I do not speak," Friederich said.

"You've got a second guess coming," Casey answered. "You still got your tongue in your head."

It was morning when Casey went to bed. He met the sergeant on the stair, and Casey remarked: "It was my turn to stay up. Oh, sure, the Nazi talked.

JUNE, 1942

Is it true what they say about

FALSE TEETH?

(OR) HOW BUSINESS GIRLS
GET RAISES

*Kate McCarthy, sad to state,
Was about to "get the gate".*

*Why? Her FALSE TEETH were a "sight",
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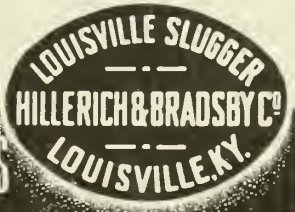
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Told everything . . . how he's been over here fifteen months working for Hitler. His job was to try to spring any Germans we interned. He was signaling Houghton Lake."

"And they heard him?" the sergeant asked skeptically.

"Easy, I guess. I phoned right away. Commanding officer there found the receiver, finally. Guy from Detroit, been there a month, smuggled it in. And I was right about when the Nazi killed old Bohne . . . six o'clock, not at noon. The

farmer puts a lamp in the window to guide me by and Friederich notices how careful he is to set it just right. So he gets the old man in the corner and worms the truth out of him. Yeh, with a knife. Bohne's so scared he talks himself to death."

"If this Nazi had a good hideout in the powerhouse why'd he go to the farm in the first place?" the sergeant objected.

"That's the accident," Casey said. "Thank Public Service for it. Sent a

crew to string wire, so Friederich needed a new hideout for a few days. Trouble was, when he starts covering his tracks, he takes too much trouble and invites suspicion."

"Mighty good job you did," the sergeant said.

"Um," Casey rubbed his chin. "Got one regret. Sorry it's Friederich we got and not his big boss over in Berchtesgaden."

"We'll be gettin' him, too," the sergeant said.

Judgment

(Continued from page 19)

questions at once. "Anything wrong?"

"Wait, just a minute," Warne urged. "Lemme tell you something else. We may be dealing with—"

"What made you suspicious in the first place, Warne?" interrupted Doc Crane shrewdly, "you musta had a hunch—"

"Yes, I did. When I got to Lima for the celebration, one of the Peruvian officials took me aside, with the aviator, and told me that someone up here at Cerro was very much interested in the airplane motor, and particularly in some little carbureter gadgets the Frenchman had rigged up, to take care of the low air pressure.

"Complete plans of the motor had been mailed from Cerro to a certain address in Lima, where a suspected international spy was living. These sketches were mailed in an envelope, bearing on the outside our Legion insignia. There is only one man in our Post who knows that much about gas engines . . ."

The boys exchanged glances. Surely, surely, it couldn't be—and yet?

"I felt just as you fellows do," Warne continued, "until today, when I got this cable from the Adjutant General. You can read for yourselves." He tossed a telegram over to Doc Crane. "You see what he says: there is no one by the name of Marcel Barsac in the official record of the American Army."

The gang crowded behind Doc as he read the cable—then one by one they strolled over to the fireplace, to gaze

thoughtfully into the embers.

Doc Crane, telegram in hand, was whistling soundlessly to himself. Doc had a habit of doing that, of puckering up his lips. But nobody ever heard a tune emerge.

"This is more serious than mere membership in the Legion," he finally remarked. "I see something else—we will have to go slow, carefully. Meantime, Warne, you have access to company files?"

Warne nodded.

"All right, you quietly get Barsac's passports, and all the data—and send them to the American Embassy at Lima, confidentially. I think you should state that we are checking up on membership, and in view of the general's letter, we'll need some help. Meantime, not a word to anyone else."

A few nights later Warne got Commander Crane and a few of the gang together.

"Thought you might want to see this letter that just came up the hill," began Warne. "It's from the Peruvian official who tipped me off about that airplane spy angle. He clears Barsac of all responsibility. Says that a young Spaniard, working in the company garage—under Barsac, by the way—has confessed not only to sending the information, but also to stealing some of Barsac's Legion letterheads, and envelopes. Here, look it over."

Doc Crane read the letter carefully, grunted, then produced a telegram. "This

reached me just as I was coming down to the club. It's from the American Consul at Lima—It says 'Passport of Marcel Barsac bona fide Stop no reason to suspect'—now, where do we stand? Warne."

Warne glanced at his notebook. "According to company records, Barsac was working at the Holt Tractor Company in Illinois at the time he was supposed to be sailing for the A. E. F. Somebody's cockeyed as hell!"

A week later, Commander Crane pulled a special meeting of the Post. Everybody was on deck. Only a few men were in the know. Doc whispered them and Barsac aside.

"Listen, you eggs! We are going to have a mock trial tonight. Everybody is present. You, Jake—you had some law training before you were kicked out of school—you be prosecuting attorney. Marcel—you be the fellow charged. The rest of you manufacture evidence, and salt the jury—I'll be the judge."

"What will I be charged with?" asked Barsac, just a little too nonchalantly.

"Hell—we'll make it embezzlement of post funds, or malfeasance in office—you play along, eh?" said Doc. Barsac grinned.

In the course of the trial, an hour later, Jake was cross-examining the defendant.

"You state, Mr. Barsac, that you were in the Tank Corps of the United States Army during the war?"

"I was."

(Continued on page 58)

Massachusetts Passes By

(Continued from page 29)

all of the outlying Departments combined. It has no large Posts—Square Post with 809 members is its biggest, followed by Fort Dearborn and Roseland, Giles, Chipilly-131st Infantry, General John Swift and Hyde Park. In all there are thirty-four active Posts in the District, which is one of twenty-five in Illinois, and one of nine within Cook County. It lies entirely outside of

the Loop, in the southeastern section of the city of Chicago.

"The officers for 1942, we hope to make a new membership record, are: Commander Anthony I. Rich, Senior Vice Commander Herb Porter, Junior Vice Commander John S. Cusack, Finance Officer Frank Cull, Adjutant William H. Kammert, Service Officer Thomas J. Lynch, Judge Advocate Joseph Bryan, Medical Officer Frank J.

Norton, M. D., Chaplain Fred Helm, and Sergeant-at-Arms Harry Ford."

Returned to Owner

"IT WILL be most gratifying to return this steel to its former owners in the form of bursting shrapnel," wrote W. H. P. Blandy, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, when accepting, for scrap, a German howitzer and machine gun of-



Officers of the 3d District of Illinois—biggest in the Department—and with 7,129 members it is bigger than eleven continental Departments and all outlying Departments combined

ferred by Dale County Post of Ozark, Alabama. The two captured World War pieces, according to Adjutant George S. Barnard, have had a place on the courthouse green at Ozark for many years. Now they're on their way back to Germany—or Japan.

Young Observer

MARK H. KERRIGAN, Adjutant of Hamden (Connecticut) Post, claims his outfit has the youngest observer in the Legion's aircraft warning service. The youngster is eight-year-old Arthur Sampson, son of Legionnaire Howard C. Sampson, who has been doing irregular tours since December 1st, but is awaiting the close of the school term so that he can take a regular trick. He accompanies his father, usually, on an early morning tour.

Getting Things Done

"WE read a lot about big Posts with big memberships, but our Post has a record of public service that, for its size, can be matched by few," says Commander Fred Roberts of John Yonascak Post of Lykens, Pennsylvania. "With a membership of ninety-one in a borough of 3,000 population our Post has paid out \$8,000 in cold cash for diversified activities, including help on construction of an athletic stadium for the school district, a fire truck, plans for municipal garage, enlargement of watershed to four times its former size, aid in bringing a knitting mill to Lykens which now employs 300 girls—and for other community services. In addition we have given the local Red

Cross \$150 for wheel chairs and supplies; junior baseball, \$436.30; Boy Scouts, \$278.72; we have equipped the high school with a cafeteria. And we have bought \$10,000 worth of War Bonds.

"It might be mentioned that the dues of our members and their uniforms are paid for by the Post from the revenue derived from our two large properties in the city, and from the club, which is operated as a Post activity."

Paid Off

BACK in 1935—and that seems so long ago—C. J. Newland Post of Ritzville, Washington, bought itself a home, formerly the dance hall on the old fair grounds. The purchase seems to have been agreeable to all but one doubting Thomas, Emil Wellsandt, now Vice Commander of the Eighth District. Emil was pessimistic. He predicted that by the time 1940 rolled around the members would either have sold the hall, gone broke, or that it would have fallen down.

He was so rash as to offer to buy a dinner for the entire membership if they did not admit regret of the purchase by 1940. The specified time came along on schedule, but it was not until March 7, 1942, that Legionnaire Wellsandt admitted he was licked and paid off.

But even at that he tricked his comrades when he asked them to sign the guest book; what they actually signed was a pledge to secure fifty new members in 1943, ten new ones each year thereafter, and exemption from work on the hall by Emil.

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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Can't Hold Those Tigers!

(Continued from page 7)

he knew for American planes and equipment. But aid to China at that time was merely a subject for political debate in Congress. Then came the Lend-Lease Act, with priorities for Britain, our Army and Navy, the Netherlands East Indies, Australia, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Russia—all ahead of China. Finally, in December, 1940, 100 obsolescent Curtiss P40 pursuit ships, originally allocated to Sweden, were sent to China.

Chennault's troubles really began at that moment. He would have to keep half of the planes in the shops to supply spare parts to keep fifty in the air. He had no skilled mechanics, no ammunition; high octane fuel was as rare as gold. Worst, China had no pilots to fly the P40's. In a desperate effort he returned to Washington and last summer obtained permission to recruit pilots from the United States. As a result, a group of young airmen applied for leave and, with 200 mechanics, followed him to China.

The Chungking government provided an operating base at Kunming, the Chinese end of the Burma Road. An agricultural college building became their barracks and mess hall. Madame Kai-shek's New Life Movement established a canteen and recreation center. The base was equipped with hospital and medical staff. Hundreds of coolies surfaced runways, built hidden shelters to protect the planes and shops from bombs, buried huge fuel tanks—and laid out a baseball field. The "Old Man," as the A. V. G. calls Chennault, insists on physical fitness and his men spend many free hours on the baseball diamond. If an alarm comes they drop bat and gloves, climb into their ships, tackle the enemy, then rush back to the field to pick up the game where they left off. He sees, too, that they get such treats as ham and eggs, good coffee, white bread, ice cream and chewing gum.

Chennault taught his men all he had learned about the Japanese. Then he drilled them in his own method of air fighting. The only rules he insisted upon were: "Never fly alone, always in teams of two; make your ammunition count; don't try to get every one of the enemy—strike hard, then head for home."

Though civilian in status, A. V. G. pilots wear uniforms similar to those of U. S., except for insignia and buttons. Over their U. S. pilots' wings they wear the gold wings of the Chinese Air Force. They are paid \$600 a month, plus a bonus of \$500 for every Japanese plane brought down, provided that it can be found and identified by checkers. In the defense of Rangoon, some fifty Japanese aircraft fell into the water, and the A. V. G. has destroyed more than 200 grounded enemy planes; but for all these

the Flying Tigers made no bonus claim.

Since the superstitious Japs fear sharks, the Group painted a shark's head on the snout of each plane. When they learned that the tiger is a favorite deity in China they called themselves "Tiger Sharks." But "Flying Tigers" is the name by which they became known to the world. For every Jap he downs the A. V. G. pilot is awarded a small Nipponese flag with which he adorns his ship. Every one of the Group except the latest recruits has earned at least two; many have half a dozen, and the late Squadron Leader Jack Newkirk's plane bore twenty-eight.

By November, 1941, Chennault had two fully-trained fighting squadrons of eighteen men each and a partial squadron of eight. At last he was ready to strike a blow for China. But at the very moment the British in Burma called for help. Chennault had come to fight for China. But this was America's war now—and Rangoon was vital to the free flow of war supplies into China over the Burma Road. So Chennault sent his First Pursuit, headed by Arvid Olsen of Los Angeles, winging down the road to Mandalay. It was men of that squadron who blasted nineteen Japanese planes out of the sky last Christmas Eve.

ALL through Christmas Day the Japs sent wave after wave of bombers with escorts of fighters. In relays the Flying Tigers and two R. A. F. squadrons rose to meet them, knocking eighteen enemy planes into the bay off Hada-waddy. At dawn on the 26th the enemy was back again. Of the eighty which attacked Rangoon that day, 22 were blasted out of the sky. The assault on Burma was halted. The A. V. G. First Pursuit had only twelve shark-nosed planes left; not a single ship was whole. But fifty-nine Jap aircraft—one-tenth of all the combat air force the invaders then had on the mainland—had been destroyed in three days.

The Old Man wired them, "I knew you would, God bless you." Tokio broadcast a formal complaint: "The American Volunteer Group will, unless they cease their unorthodox tactics, be classed as guerrillas, and the Japanese will therefore show this irregular force no quarter."

But Japan came back with a second air offensive against Rangoon. Chennault sent his Second Pursuit squadron to meet them, led by Jack Newkirk of New York. The R. A. F. were busy attacking enemy bases in Thailand, so that the air defense of the Burma Peninsula was left to the A. V. G. Newkirk's squadron shot down twenty bombers and forty-two pursuit planes—twenty of the enemy for every A. V. G. pilot lost. In two weeks, less than a score of Rising Sun fliers penetrated A. V. G.'s barricade and dropped

only half a hundred bombs on Rangoon.

Outnumbered, the little band of Americans became the sparkplug of Allied resistance all over the Asiatic mainland. By mid-January enemy air forces on the Burma front were reduced to half their original strength. But Chennault himself had only forty-four planes left. The A. V. G. were sure that if they had had more ships they and the R. A. F. could have wrung mastery of the air from the Japanese.

Ironically, while Chennault was praying for new ships, forty Vultee fighting planes were on the docks at Rangoon—still in the crates in which they had arrived from the U. S. six weeks before. But he couldn't have them—they were consigned to someone else.

He pleaded with Washington for twenty-four bombers. These, with a protective escort of his fighter planes, could make "confusion raids" on Japanese bases in Indo-China and thus slow down the yellow men's invasion of Malaya and the Philippines. Washington could make no bombers available for such a side-show. It was more interested in plans for hurling, some day, masses of planes, guns and tanks that would crush the Japs in one mighty offensive.

Chennault somehow got hold of twelve obsolete Russian bombers. Using these slow, cumbersome death traps, A. V. G. fliers put Hanoi, largest Japanese air base in the southern Pacific, out of commission for three days. Even this demonstration went by the board. When members of the A. V. G. begged for the loan of just *one* U. S. bomber for *one week*, no one heeded them except Chennault's former neighbors in Louisiana. They started a collection to buy him a bomber—with which to attack Japan!

The battles that followed each other in unending succession took further toll of his P40's, and Chennault had coolies search the jungle to recover bits of planes and motors with which to patch his battle-scarred ships. Less than two squadrons were in flying condition. Letters, cables, radio messages and emissaries pleaded with Washington in vain.

In February of this year came a wind-fall. The Pan American Airways manager of China's wartime airline chanced to discover on the Calcutta docks, among lend-lease supplies from the United States, some cases of parts marked P40. He convinced the British that he knew where they were to go and signed a receipt. Before the papers could catch up with the shipment, relays of Chinese planes had rushed these parts for the planes to Chennault. In a day and a half, three full squadrons of P40's were ready for combat, and twelve hours later the A. V. G. had downed twenty-six more of the enemy.

Chennault's ability to get fuel for his fighters is uncanny. Part comes from the Japanese! His source of ammunition—especially tracer bullets, needed to set

enemy aircraft on fire—is equally mysterious. By one means or another, he maintains a slender store of equipment. A “lost” truck here, a stray consignment of engines or parts there, a cargo of ammunition “borrowed” from somewhere else, have kept the A. V. G. flying and fighting.

When hoped-for aid from the United Nations failed to appear, Chennault took the offensive. The A. V. G. began to attack the Japanese on their own airdromes. For this he devised a new technique. Three pilots, instead of teams of two, would maneuver together. Two P40's, moving wing to wing, would attack. High above them, the third would stand by, ready to dive in if enemy planes got on his team mates' tails. Somehow the Old Man obtained demolition bombs, which some of the Flying Tiger pilots carried in their laps.

On February 9th a full wing of forty-two Japanese bombers lay in an airdrome camouflaged by mango trees. Flying at 18,000 feet, Newkirk, Charles Bond of Dallas and Bob Little of Spokane spotted the planes by the flames from their exhausts, as the bombers were being warmed up preparatory to taking off. Bond and Little dived, raked the airdrome with their machine guns and demolition bombs, leaving behind sixteen flaming wrecks. Three Jap pursuits took off to give battle, but Newkirk, on guard aloft, sent two of them crashing and the other fled. That same day, six other Flying Tigers similarly destroyed thirteen Jap bombers in another airdrome.

The enemy struck back at A. V. G. bases but the Americans were notified of their approach by Chennault's Chinese air raid warning corps with their little portable radios. Hence the Tigers were seldom caught off-guard. “Our success,” Chennault has said, “is partly due to our mobility; the Japanese never know where we are.” When bombs damage their flying fields the holes are quickly

filled by coolies, who consider it an honor to lift a clump of dirt for the A. V. G.

Often the Tigers get away without a casualty, thanks to Chennault's combat technique. But all of them cannot get away all the time. John V. Newkirk, who on his twenty-eighth birthday knocked down his twenty-eighth plane, was sent to his death by a ground-based machine gun. How many other Flying Tigers have been killed and how many are in Japanese prisons are military secrets.

One, limping home from a fight, was forced down by five Zero fighters and machine-gunned where he fell. Another, whose engine was shot to pieces, bailed out; the Japanese followed him down and shot his parachute to ribbons. Since his death, A. V. G. pilots convey any parachuting teammates safely to the ground.

Losses have thinned the A. V. G. Often only two Flying Tigers challenge three Jap squadrons—a job for fifty fighters. Yet they keep on—writing in blood and courage an epic chapter in America's history. They have bolstered the morale of weary China. From the exploits of Chennault's heroes China sees what 100,000 Americans, with such leadership, could do.

Chennault is regarded by many as the most brilliant air strategist of all time. It is said many among our Air Forces would like to see him placed in command of all the United Air Forces in the Far East. Until President Roosevelt in April sent his name to the Senate, to be advanced to the rank of a brigadier general on active duty, the Old Man (although a general in the Chinese Air Force) was only a captain on the U. S. Air Corps retired list. But, like the indomitable, gruff old soldier that he is, Chennault fights on and awaits his orders. Like those that gave General MacArthur the recognition due him, they may some day come.



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Judgment

(Continued from page 54)

"And you saw service in that branch of the U. S. Army, overseas?"

"Yes."

"Where did you land overseas—what port?"

"Er — Bordeaux — yes, Bordeaux, France."

"You landed at the seaport of Bordeaux? When was that?"

"Spring of 1918—just before St. Mihiel."

"You were in the St. Mihiel drive?—what town, or towns?"

"Oh—I can't recall, they were all French names—Thiaucourt, Banthéville."

"Were you acquainted in Bordeaux—do you recall any streets or buildings?"

"No; you see, we just landed and blooie, next day, you might say, we were on the way."

"Way where?"

"Why, to St. Mihiel."

"You landed practically in the heart of the war zone and next day or so you were under fire, eh?"

Barsac nodded. He wet his lips.

"Where and when did you go into the service?"

"Jefferson Barracks, August, 1917."

"Is Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis?"

"Yes! Sure!"

Jake eyed the defendant sternly, then rose from behind the table, strode dramatically to the center of the room, and faced the chair.

"Your Honor—Mr. Commander, every statement that the defendant Barsac has made, upon cross-examination, is a deliberate falsehood; I demand, in the name of the Post, that you, as Commander, take official cognizance."

The room hushed. Small talk stopped. Up till now it had been all sport, fun, a mock trial. Something about the way the Commander was taking it showed plainly that the trial was now real, tragic.

Marcel Barsac, white-faced, turned appealingly to the chair. "I protest—this is a farce. I was clowning—"

"No," Jake interrupted. "These statements you have just made have been made by you on many occasions, in the presence of witnesses. As a matter of fact, some of them are written in your own hand, on the form you submitted."

"All right," Barsac challenged, "what's wrong with them? I still stand by them."

Jake picked up a bundle of papers.

"You stated, Barsac, that you landed at the seaport of Bordeaux, in spring—and next day you were in the battle of St. Mihiel. Bordeaux is not a seaport; it's sixty miles from the coast, up a river. St. Mihiel was not fought in the spring—you couldn't have been in it 'the next day' as it was three hundred miles away. Jefferson Barracks is south of St. Louis."

Barsac flushed, head bowed, was silent.

Jake held up a telegram.

"If any of you men of this Post still

doubt, let me read this cable from the Adjutant General's Office: 'Confirming previous letter, no name Marcel Barsac United States Army.' Mr. Commander, members of the Post, this man is a deliberate liar. I charge that he never was in the service of the United States!"

Commander Crane leaned over and whispered to the defendant. "Do you want to say anything?" he asked.

Barsac nodded—then slowly arose and stood, head bowed, before the Post.

"The charges are true," he said slowly. "I never was in the Army. I don't know why I—lied. It came easy. I—I wanted companionship."

"You fellows can get me kicked out of camp, make me lose my job, but here's something, something, you could never pin on me, except that, I will put my freedom, my life, in your hands, to show I am sincere. I will shoot the works! My passports are forged! Oh, I know they will pass inspection. They were made out for a younger brother, who looked like me. His name was Marcel. Mine is—well, let it pass. Tell that to the Consul at Lima—and I will be under arrest, by return wire."

"I am telling you this, not because I want, or expect, pity. I feel I owe something to you and I owe something else to our flag."

"You fellows may not have noticed, but I have taken good care of that flag. I have read and know all about how it should be hung or stood. I have gotten to love it, as a mother her child. Taking care of it has been a sacred ritual to me."

"At first, handling the flag seemed like a sacrilege. Then it sort of became a special right or duty. Taking care of it, saluting it became a religion. God bless that old flag! It is the same flag I dishonored, I laughed at it, in nineteen-seventeen when I—stole my brother's passports, skipped over the border and evaded the draft. Do your duty! I am wanted at Leavenworth Penitentiary."

He turned stiffly and looked tenderly at the flag. His hand started to salute, then dropped hopelessly. Without another word he walked out into the night.

At two o'clock in the morning, when the Post meeting finally adjourned, Doc Crane and Jake slipped quietly around to Barsac's quarters. They knocked.

"Come in."

Barsac, dressed, was sitting on his bed, trunk half packed, open before him. He arose, gave them a questioning look.

"Aren't the others coming too?"

Crane shook his head.

"The tar and feathers come later in the morning, eh?" he asked.

"Nothing like that, Barsac. Listen, sit down, over here by the fire. We want to talk to you," said Crane quietly.

The hapless fellow pulled up two chairs, but remained standing.

"Shoot, Doc," he said, with assumed

gaiety. "I can take it. I have it coming."

Commander Crane was whistling noiselessly. Finally: "Barsac, the boys were pretty sore tonight. You know that. Some of them . . . would have been a bit hasty. The majority of them hated like hell to take any action at all. Falsifying your membership in the Post was not so serious. That can be remedied. That draft evasion that you mentioned is pretty bad. Your talk about the flag kind of got 'em going. They know damn well you weren't faking on that part of it. So, here's the verdict. The Post voted to publish on every bulletin board in the company's offices that you no longer belong to the Post—"

Barsac, paled, but smiling grimly, nodded.

"Then—they are not going to tip off the Consul about your passports, or about your evading the draft. They are going to mail your passports, after three months, to the American Consul at Para, Brazil—to be held until you call for them in person. They figure it will take you six months to get to Para. At the end of that time you are free to live your life as you see fit, or use the passports to go back home to the States, and take your medicine. They figure that six months in the jungle will be the equivalent of the regular war you missed. If you make good, the score is wiped out. Take it or leave it. The verdict of the Post is—"

"That I leave Peru, by the back door, by the trail down the Amazon to Para?" said Barsac quietly. The two men nodded, and got up.

"It's a break! A break I don't deserve! The fellows treated me white! I'll make that trip. I'll hit the trail in the morning. It's a chance to make good—to prove—"

Blustering, swaggering Barsac was sobbing like a kid. The three of them shook hands—goodbye.

DOC CRANE got a brief letter from him—ten months later. It was postmarked Para, Brazil. It was stamped with the seal of the American Consul in that city. "I am on my way back to the States to take my medicine. Remember me to all. God bless you—every one!"

It said nothing about the miles of travel through the Peruvian jungle, from Tarma to La Merced, to the Pyrene Colony on the Chanchamayo. It did not mention that the rainy season must have caught the lone occupant of a native canoe that paddled down the Pichis, to the Pachitea, to the Ucayali to the Marañon. Malaria, floods, starvation were not included. Something must have happened in that thousand-mile struggle for existence. Certainly a man's will and courage had persevered. A man's soul had been found in the tangled morass. An American citizen was made!

Top o' the World Post of The American Legion has canceled the debt. The books long ago were closed.

Widower's Woes

(Continued from page 21)

cool and comfortable come afternoon."

"Thanks," said Pops, liking her, and feeling that he was going to be taken care of. Sympathy, kindness and laughing humor flowed warm from her. He suddenly wanted to tell her his problem.

He shut off his thoughts as she bustled about the cabin with the three windows looking east on the mountains. He felt mothered. He hadn't realized how the housework, the planning of meals, had etched into his mind. "Do you board people?" he asked suddenly.

The widow set firm hands on her hips to look at him through narrowed, twinkling eyes. "Sometimes. For it's a sad thing for a woman to eat alone. But I'll be knowing you better before I answer that. There's a good place across the street. Do you eat there for a fortnight, and we'll see."

John had a little trouble getting to sleep that night. They would have his letter. He wondered what they thought.

The air was cool and crisp when he awoke. He shaved, showered, and went to get coffee. The eating place was good. He came back, got out his story and worked for three hours. But he couldn't lose himself. He went out to walk.

Mrs. Murphy was on the screened porch, evidently in trouble with an iron. He watched her try a new cord, snap lights off and on; test the iron with a wet finger.

Grinning, he climbed the steps. "I'll fix it," he offered.

"'Tis an invention of the devil," laughed Mrs. Murphy. "The little juices will not run into it. 'Twas in my mind to bash it around a bit."

Mrs. Murphy watched doubtfully, but smiling, until he found a broken contact and set it in order. "Praise God, it works," she cooed in delight. "Now if I had worked in a Dublin factory as did my sisters, instead of being filled with fine learning in London Town, I might have done it myself. My thanks to you, John Shane. And I'd be honored if you'd take tea with me."

Pops looked through the open door.

The room was shining clean, the wall high with books. He felt a great curiosity. "You—a—?" he began.

"I taught school two years before I met James Patrick," she supplied. "But the spaleens led me a life and so I was glad to marry. Once I spoke English clear as lark's song. But what with James, and finding that a bit of the brogue was a help in my business, I fell into me natural way of speakin'."

"'Tis music to the ear o' me," vowed Pops, his tongue turning to the way of his grandfather. "The words have the twang of Tara's harp, the flavor of a burning bog."

"My name is Eileen," offered the woman without reason. "And I'd thank you to be off and take your blarney with you. You have the wicked eye of the late Murphy. I could do well without you. But be back for tea. How long has your wife been dead?"

The question with no touch of brogue brought Pops back abruptly. "You're a knowing woman, Eileen Murphy," he grinned. "When I come for tea, I'll fix that leaking faucet."

JOHN SHANE fell into a habit of morning work on stories that almost wrote themselves, and then afternoons spent puttering about the twelve houses of the court. He was by turns, plumber, electrician, carpenter, earning his dinner and a pleasant evening on Eileen's porch afterward.

Gradually Eileen seemed to grow younger. She was almost shy at times. It made Pops feel very masculine. She put a very definite limit to their intimacy. He learned more about her in the first evening than for a long time afterwards. She could talk of books, and men, and of London.

He told her in detail of his daughters. Of his mistake in going back home the first time. Her blue eyes glinted, gleamed, and sometimes her lips twitched in humor. But she said nothing until one evening in June when the sunset was very beautiful. "School's out," she suggested. "Probably all of the girls will

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HERBERT M. STOOPS, 1st Div.-Lt. Jeff Feigl Post, New York City.
KARL DETZER, Leelanau County Post, Leland, Michigan.
M. A. PHILLIPS, Lynbrook (New York) Post.
FRED B. BARTON, Summit Post, Akron, Ohio.
CHARLES B. ROTH, Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post, Denver, Colorado.
JOHN K. WALSH, Roscoe Enloe Post, Jefferson City, Missouri.
FREDERICK C. PAINTON, August Matthias Post, Westport, Connecticut.
FELIX W. KNAUTH, Middlebury (Vermont) Post.
V. E. PYLES, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.
A. C. M. AZOV, Maplewood (New Jersey) Post.
W. J. AYLWARD, Port Washington (New York) Post.

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THE HOME FRONT

We're home for the duration this time. True enough, that a few of us Legionnaires are trickling into the armed forces but for ninety-nine percent of us—it's the Home Front in this war.

But not with the pipe and slippers, because there's an active life to be lived on the Home Front these days.

We are Air Raid Wardens or Reserve Police or Firemen (and we're Pledging War Bond purchases) or spotting planes or drilling prospective draftees or walking post guarding bridges. The Home Front isn't the quiet sector it used to be.

And when we *do* get a night off from our Home Front war duties we pull out The American Legion Magazine to relax a little and incidentally see what *new* war activities are being planned for us able-bodied Home Guards.

Somebody's got to keep this grand and glorious country going while the lads are fighting beyond our shores as we did in 1917-1918.

The Home Front really isn't such a bad place to be in 1942. And it's a man-sized job to keep it nice for the peace that's bound to come.

have a vacation. Why don't you have them up here? You're aching for them."

That, Pops realized, was exactly what he wanted to do. "I'll telephone right now," he cried, figuring quickly that with the difference in time, he ought to catch them at dinner.

Eileen stopped him with a motion. "Before you do," she said simply, "I have something to tell you. You're in love with me, and I with you. But say nothing to them of that. I want to meet them with nothing between us."

Pops looked at her only for a swift moment before he knew she spoke truly. "It's God's truth," he vowed. "God's truth, and I never knew. I never thought—I'm so happy here. That's the reason! You will—you will marry me, Eileen?"

"Of course," said Eileen softly. "Of course, if the children don't object."

"What have they—" began John Shane. She put a hand over his lips. "Kiss me," she ordered, "for it has been a long time." Her lips were soft and moving under his. She pushed him away gently, breathing quickly. "Go and telephone now." He saw tears in her eyes.

He stood shaking before the phone. He heard it ringing, ringing. Where were they? Suddenly Jane's voice, "Hello! Hello!" He couldn't speak. He grasped the receiver hard. He gulped. "It's me—your father, Pops," he shouted. "How are you, Kitten? I want you all to come up here on a vacation. Is Sybil there, and Kit?"

"Oh, Pops, Pops," choked Jane's voice. "Oh, Pops, I'm so glad. Oh, Pops, where are you? We've been so worried."

"At Taos, Sunshine Courts," he finished. He could hear her voice shrilling. "Kit! Kit! Syb! Syb! It's Pops!"

"I'll send you enough money to fly," he stuck in.

They all talked, questioned. "Come and see," he said, refusing to tell much. It was arranged.

"See you, Pops, see you soon," husked Jane. "I got a million things to tell you!"

Eileen heard the news with calmness. "I'll go down to Phoenix and buy some clothes, and fly in with them. That will give me first look," she planned.

"It won't make any difference whether they like you or not," he assured, and took his reward.

John Shane didn't work much in the next few days. He had care of the courts, and he was filled with a shaking eagerness. And nagging doubts. Of course they couldn't stop him, but they could make things unpleasant.

Down at the airport he sent his thoughts out to pull in the plane when it was just a speck. A newsboy whispered loudly to his freckled companion, "Ole goat must be waitin' fer his gal. Lookit 'im dance."

Pops stopped dancing. Girl! He was waiting for four of them.

The plane came swinging down to taxi to the ramp. Pops' heart choked him. Things were pretty much of a blur of

kisses and clinging arms for a few seconds. But he managed to catch a glimpse of a woman in a brown traveling suit and a perky hat who took a cab before he could reach her. His heart performed again.

"There was the nicest woman on the plane," gushed Jane after they were crowded into the taxi. "She kept looking at us. She looked as if she liked us."

"Probably Mrs. Murphy," explained Pops in what he thought was an easy manner. "She runs the court where I live."

A sudden, tight silence gripped the taxi.

He knew what that meant. They were afraid he'd met a woman he could like. They wanted him back.

While the girls were getting settled in their cabin, he ran to see Eileen. "How do you like them?" he asked, grasping her hand with the ardor of a young man.

"Golden darlings, every one," she whispered against his lips. "How could you leave them?"

"I love you," said John Shane.

"A queer kind of love that never noticed I took off six pounds," laughed Eileen, low. "Now, away with you. And no work on the cabins, or no word to me. Let me have my way."

In three days the girls were under Eileen's merry spell. They spent most of their time in her cabin. They were loud in her praise. "Don't you think she's wonderful?" questioned Jane.

"Very," said Pops, veiling his eyes.

Jane questioned directly. "You going back with us, Pops?"

"If you want me," he assented.

Jane's arms quick about his neck were his answer.

That night his determination weakened. He tossed for an hour and then slipped on a robe and went like an amorous boy to Eileen's back door. He was about to knock softly when he heard voices. Eileen's and Jane's.

Jane, evidently in bed with Eileen, wailed a protest, "But you don't understand at all, Eileen. Kits wants to be married. So does Sybil. And I in a year or so. But we've all stayed at home because of father. We didn't dare even learn to cook for fear he'd feel hurt. Oh, he's so nice, Eileen. What we want you to do is to marry him. We just can't scatter and leave him. Don't you love him just a little?"

A moment later he was knocked back against the wall as the door banged open and a pajama-clad figure ran across the yard to the girls' cabin.

He suddenly felt very small. He had to do something. He marched straight into Eileen's room. "You knew all the time," he accused, as she sat up.

"I knew nothing at all," laughed Eileen, stretching out her arms. "Nothing at all, except that a man is never quite so important as he thinks. But you're very important to me, John Shane. Come here quickly."

Action! Lights! Camera!

(Continued from page 34)

in 1941. He enlisted in the Air Corps in June, 1940, just after he had passed his 18th birthday. At the time this letter is written, he is stationed at Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Alabama, and due to his S. A. L. Drum Corps training, he was placed in the Southeastern Division Military Band at the Field. The other son James, enlisted in August, 1940, at the age of 19. He was sent to the Air Corps Bombardment Squadron at Orlando, Florida.

"The flag in the background of the picture was the U. S. Army Ambulance Corps' flag over in Italy. Don't ask me how that flag traveled back to America with my husband, but he and most any veteran of the A. E. F. would probably know how it was done! The 'chemical affinity' of that flag and a soldier was just as much a natural as our sons following in the footsteps of their Pop and Mom.

"When I wrote to you several years ago, I was Historian of Fairfield (Alabama) Post and Mr. Whiting was S. A. L. Chairman of that Post. I now have my old office in Hueytown Post, of which my husband was Commander in 1941."

QUITE a number of years ago there was a regular shower of pictures of outfit mascots that landed on The Company Clerk's desk—and that array of dogs, mules, bears, monkeys, goats, parrots, and various and sundry other animals and birds, not forgetting the French boy mascots adopted by some of the A. E. F. units, was paraded before our readers. A pair of dogs showed up in these pages in the April issue—and now we get a Navy combination of a trained pooch and a kid—backed up by three gobs, pictured on page 34.

Ex-gob Edw. F. Magee of Trenton (Missouri) Post of the Legion sent the snapshot with this yarn:

"I am enclosing a photo of three sailors with the mascots of the U. S. S. *Olympia*, taken in the harbor of Spalato, Dalmatia, in 1919.

"The gob holding the young goat is Harold Morine who was a fireman 1st class at the time. I don't know the names of the other two men, but one was a seaman and the other a member of the ship's band. The dog belonged to the leader of the band. Can any former shipmates supply the names of these two unknowns?

"As I recall, Morine came from Oregon. At any rate, he and I enlisted in Seattle, Washington, in 1917 and met for the first time while en route to Goat Island in Frisco Bay. We spent our three weeks there in quarantine, then were sent to San Diego for our preliminary training. Thence to the East Coast by rail and shipped to Pensacola, Flor-

ida, to board the U. S. S. *Illinois* that brought us back to Norfolk, Virginia. Then to Philadelphia and three weeks later we were shipped to Naval Base No. 6 at Queenstown, Ireland, aboard the U. S. S. *Cuyama*. Through Scotland, England and Ireland by rail and boat, and on an English transport, which we boarded at Leith, Scotland, we shipped to Murmansk, (that port of entry in North Russia through which our supplies are being sent in this war to the Soviet army).

"Boarding the U. S. S. *Olympia* at that port, Morine and I finally became members of the ship's company—the first time we had been part of any ship's company! Took a lot of traveling. Our time on the *Illinois* was for training only and on the trip across the big pond we were passengers on the *Cuyama*, although we did stand lookout watches through the danger zone as we neared Scotland.

"The last time I saw Morine was in November, 1919, when I was transferred to the U. S. S. *Mars* for transportation back to the States. That was the first time he and I had been separated during our entire service. At that time, my home was in Kansas City, Missouri. I have met only one shipmate since I was discharged in December, 1919—a man named Hildebrand, also a fireman, who was paid off in Hampton Roads, Virginia, the same time I was.

"I might add that we were at Murmansk on Armistice Day, 1918, but the first we learned of the Armistice was about six o'clock that evening when the word was brought to us from the old H. M. S. *Glory*, anchored there. She had a more powerful radio than we had at the time.

"We sailed for Scotland a few days later with about seventy-five sick and wounded American soldiers who had been in the interior of North Russia. These boys were from around Detroit and I remember one had a bad shoulder wound which left him with only one good hand. We had a high sea all the way to Scotland where these soldiers were sent to an American hospital for their first real hospitalization. I often helped the soldier with the severe wound and he told me he was married and had several children. Wonder what became of him?

"I would appreciate hearing from my old shipmates and also from anyone who may know anything about the wounded soldier because he had my sympathy on that trip and I have often thought about him since."

WE HAVE more than once commented upon the lack of interest—or is it just plain laziness?—of our fellow Legionnaires when it comes to sending pictures and stories for the en-

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joyment of the readers of these columns. How about it, girls? Certainly former Nurses, Yeomen (F) and other women veterans have snaps of unusual or amusing or interesting incidents of service about which they can tell a story. But no posed group pictures, please!

This month we seem to have struck the jackpot—two Legionnaires of the fair sex are represented. The picture of General Pershing at a review and inspection came from Miss Ida E. German of San Francisco Nurses Post of the Legion, whose address is Post Office Box 94, Sacramento, California, with this brief note:

"Having two of these pictures, thought you might like a print as General Pershing appears so plainly. The officer saluting is Major Lucas of Base 89, Mesves (France) Hospital Center, of which I was Chief Nurse. The nurses are of Base 89."

Inviting Comrade German to tell us more of her experiences at Base 89, this further report came to us:

"There was no outstanding event connected with the inspection by General Pershing, shown in the snapshot print.

"When I entered the Army Nurse Corps in 1911, I met a nurse on the train en route from Chicago to San Francisco, who had had service in the Spanish-American War. She was Miss Caroline Foote of St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago. I had known no one in service and she did much to allay my feeling of uncertainty in my new undertaking.

"The night before the snapshot was made, the nurses of Mesves and Mars Hospital Centers had been invited to a dance given by the officers of the Motor Transport Corps in Nevers. During the evening I noticed a nurse sitting apart from the others. I went to speak with her and there being something familiar about her, I inquired if she was Miss Foote. She looked surprised until I asked if she remembered a frightened nurse on a train in 1911. She replied that I looked anything but frightened at our second encounter.

"I recall, too, that a group of entertainers was due to arrive at Base 89 to put on a show. While I was making my rounds in the afternoon, a soldier went to the Red Cross hut of our Center and asked if the leading lady was there. He was directed to my office, where he repeated his inquiry. It developed that he had been told to ask for the Chief Nurse to get something he wanted—but he asked for the 'leading lady' instead! That title of Leading Lady remained with me during the remainder of my service in the A. E. F."

AS ANNOUNCED in the Editorial Page, the Legion National Convention for 1942 will *not* be held in New Orleans, Louisiana, but in some Mid-Western city that was to be selected by a telegraphic poll of National Executive Committeemen on May 9th. The con-

vention will be confined to three days—September 19th to 21st.

The following veterans' organizations which had already planned to meet in New Orleans are requested to report to The Company Clerk when and where their reunions will be held. Announcement of the National Convention city will be made in the July issue.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER., BALLOON CORPS VETS.—11th annual reunion in conjunction with Legion National Convention, wherever held. Harry S. Resing, 1512 Wedgewood Dr., Wichita, Kans.

NATL. AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS.—Southern district reunions, New Orleans, G. J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1123½ W. Locust St., Scranton, Pa. SIBERIA, A. E. F.—5th annual national reunion. L. A. McQuiddy, natl. adjt., 1112½ Menlo Av., Los Angeles, Calif.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. VET. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion. George W. Nichols, secy.-treas., R. R. 3, Box 78, Kingston, N. Y.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Chas. C. Zatarain, 5910 Pontchartrain Blvd., New Orleans, or E. J. Price, natl. adjt., 130 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD WAR NAVY RADIODEN.—Annual natl. reunion and All-Navy headquarters. Mark Feder, yeoman, 132 S. George St., York, Pa.

NATL. 4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-dinner and business meeting, New Orleans. Theo. F. Tolzman, pres., 2234B North 23d St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

7TH DIV. WORLD WAR VETS.—Annual natl. reunion. Ralph R. Conner, adjt.-fin. offer., Box 693, Riviera, Fla.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—3d annual reunion. Harry Berg, natl. adjt., 3146 15th Av., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

20TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Harry McBride, 1234 26th St., Newport News, Va.

DIXIE (31ST) DIV. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion-dinner. Walter A. Anderson, secy.-treas., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

Co. E, 16TH INF.—Reunion. F. H. (Cpl. Red) Ashby, 612 Av. E., Ft. Madison, Iowa.

15TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken Av., Pittsburgh, 6, Pa.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. SOC.—Annual reunion. Chas. L. Schaus, secy.-treas., 325-47th St., Union City, N. J., or J. M. Kellner, pres., R. 7, Oakwood Manor, Pontiac, Mich.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Annual natl. reunion. For copy *Highway Life*, write Jim P. Henriksen, 2922 N. Kilbourn Av., Chicago, Ill.

26TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion. Write to Lt. Lucien G. Hughes, Box 252, New Orleans, La. 1ST GAS REGT. (30TH ENGRS.)—Annual reunion. Write A. William Tiemann, chmn., 401 Decatur St., New Orleans, La.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Annual reunion. W. B. Robbins, secy.-treas., 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.

COS. D & E, 114TH SUP. TRN.—Reunion. W. W. Bloemer, Co. Clerk, Co. D, Batesville, Ind. MOTOR TRANSP. Co. 389 (formerly #18 TRAIN)—Reunion. Write Lewis Hibbard, 612 W. Washington Av., Ionia, Mich.

SCOTT FIELD, SQDRN. D—Reunion and luncheon, New Orleans. J. E. Jennings, chmn., 909 Main St., Texarkana, Tex., Ark.

CLUB CAMP Hosp. 52—Reunion. Mrs. Estelle Swanton, chmn., 2100 Adams St., New Orleans, La., or Albert I. Almand, pres., 333 Holderness St., S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

U. S. S. *Charleston*—Reunion of crew. O. D. Turner, U. S. Naval Base, Algiers, La., or A. H. Russell, Three Rivers, Tex.

U. S. S. *DeKalb* LAST MAN'S CLUB—Reunion, New Orleans, Sept. 21. Ted Stolp, secy., 5404 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa., or Claude McClintock, 4320 Tennyson St., Denver Colo.

U. S. S. *President Grant* & U. S. S. *Pequot*—Reunion of crews. A. M. Walker, 122 Union St., Bay St. Louis, Miss.

U. S. S. *Nashville*—Reunion of crew, New Orleans, Sept. 21. Floyd Terry, DeRidder, La.

JACKSON BARRACKS (NEW ORLEANS)—Proposed reunion of 1916-17 vets. Write Louis C. Schulte, Dept. Treas., 814 Mercantile Trust Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

CANADIAN SOLDIERS from U.S.A.—Proposed reunion and organization. L. M. Evans, Moore's Bridge, Ala.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than those at the Legion National Convention, follow:

SOC. OF 1ST DIV., N. E. BRANCH—25th anniversary reunion and dinner, Westboro Country Club, Westboro, Mass., June 27. Henry J. Grogan, secy., 73 Summer St., Hyde Park, Mass.

SOC. OF 3D DIV.—Annual national reunion, Rochester, N. Y., July 9-11. Ted Dash, chmn., 2493 East Av., Rochester.

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—Silver Jubilee reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Elmer Taylor, secy.-treas., 2124 18th St., S. W., Akron, will furnish details and copy of regimental roster.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual national convention-reunion, Springfield, Mass., June 25-28. Dennis J. Brunton, chmn., 42 Ranney St., Springfield.

Soc. of 28TH DIV.—Vets of Keystone Div. contact old friends through joining your Society. Lambert J. Sullenberger, natl. V. P., 535 S. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa.

29TH (BLUE & GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 5-7. For details, write Wm. C. Nicklas, 4318 Walther Av., Baltimore.

29TH (BLUE & GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—For membership, official publication and information about 29th Div. Medal, write Earle McGowan, nat. adjt., 1383 Rittenhouse St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



32D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 5-6. Lester Benston, chmn., 205 Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.

33D DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., June 19-21. Write John H. Plattner, secy., Morrison Hotel, room 508, Chicago.

37TH DIV. A.E.F. VETS. ASSOC.—24th annual reunion, Springfield, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Write Jas. A. Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV. VETS.—Natl. reunion, Orlando, Fla., July 13-15. Barney J. Sullivan, reunion chmn., Court House, Orlando.

77TH DIV.—For information about 77th Div. World War Serv. Medal, write Walter J. Baldwin, secy., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—25th anniversary reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 6-9. Mark R. Byrne, natl. secy., 212 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

89TH DIV. Soc.—Reunion, Wichita, Kans., Sept. 5. H. N. Wallis, pres., 3402 East Elm, Wichita.

89TH DIV. VETS. Soc.—Annual reunion in conjunction with Calif. Legion Dept. Conv., Los Angeles, in Aug. For date and details, write Comdr. Sidney M. Schallmann, 1106 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

60TH INF.—Reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. A. L. Bradbury, 478 E. Exchange St., Akron.

309TH INF.—Dedication 309 memorial window, Ft. Dix chapel, June. For details, Walter G. Bennett, 410 36th St., Union City, N. J.

314TH INF. VETS. AEF—Annual convention, Scranton, Pa., Sept. 25-27. G. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlott Av., Philadelphia, Pa. Also annual Summer Family Picnic, Palisades Inter-State Park, in Aug. Chas. M. Stimpson, secy., 1670 Sheepshead Bay Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

332D INF. ASSOC. (incl. 31ST F. H.)—21st annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 5-6. A. A. Grable, secy., Canton.

353D (ALL KANSAS) INF. Soc.—25th Anniversary Reunion, Wichita, Kans., Sept. 5-6. For details, write John C. Hughes, secy., 329 East Avenue B, Hutchinson, Kans.

Co. F, 311TH INF.—Biennial reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 19. For details, write H. W. Fickenscher, 57 Cambridge Av., Buffalo.

108TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Pine Grove, Pa., July 25-26. Phil Howard, actg. secy., 322 S. 17th St., Reading, Pa.

3D PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 6. Joel T. Johnson, secy., 411 Essex Bldg., Minneapolis.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—19th annual reunion, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 13. Write John G. Buckley, Vassar Road, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

52D PIONEER INF. AEF—Annual reunion, Hotel Governor Clinton, New York City, Nov. 14. Write Edw. J. Pollak, 331 Tecumseh Av., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—11th annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 1-2. James K. Dunn, secy., 723 11th St., New Brighton, Pa.

Co. F, 2D PIONEER INF.—For company roster, brief history and reunion plans, summer 1942, write F. M. Colvin, 529 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

139TH F. A.—21st annual reunion, Evansville, Ind., Oct. 3-4. Banquet, Oct. 3, at Funkhauser Post (A.L.) Home. Floyd Anderson, secy., Elizabethtown, Ind.

1ST CORPS ART. PARK VETS.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4-5. Emory Jamison, 1905 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

NATL. AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS. AEF—Annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 1-3. G. J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1123½ W. Locust St., Scranton, Pa.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, St. Joseph, Mo., June 19-21. Jas. A. Elliott, secy-treas., 721 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

15TH ENGRS. MOTHERS AND WIVES—25th reunion and picnic for 15th Engrs. vets and families, West View Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sat., June 27. Free eats—supper at 5 P. M. Mrs. Neda M. Duncan, secy., 1238 S. Braddock Av., Swissvale, Pa.

19TH (ENGRS. RV.) ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 12. Write Francis P. Conway, 4414 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

23D ENGRS. CENTRAL STATES—Stag reunion, Lemon Park, Indian Lake, Vicksburg, Mich., June 20-21. R. S. Cowan, 12715 Northlawn Av., Detroit, Mich.

26TH ENGRS., So. CALIF. BRANCH—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., in Dec. For date and other details, write Sgt. Alvah B. Dean, 2022 W. 82d St., Los Angeles.

34TH ENGRS.—14th annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Alfred Koch, pres., 257 Virginia Av., Dayton, or George Remple, secy-treas., 2523 N. Main St., Dayton.

37TH ENGRS., SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND CHAP.—Annual banquet, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 14. G. J. Vergnes, Room 347, Blake Block, 1121 Washington St., Oakland.

52D ENGRS. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion, Penn-Beaver Hotel, Rochester, Pa., July 25-27. J. A. Bell, 412 E. Leasure Av., New Castle, Pa.

61ST R. R. ENGRS.—5th annual reunion, Louisville, Ky., June 19-21. E. M. Soboda, natl. secy., 932 Roscoe St., Green Bay, Wisc.

308TH ENGRS. VET. ASSOC.—22d annual reunion, Newark, Ohio, Aug. 1-2. Write Lee W. Staffler, secy., Sandusky, Ohio.

320TH F. S. BN., COS. A, B & C—Annual reunion, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 14. Write A. W. Ward, Rm. 312, 564 Market St., San Francisco.

AIR SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion of vets of all Air-Service branches, Hotel Kenmore, Boston, Mass., June 21. (Transferred from New Orleans.) Claire W. Britton, chmn., Ware St., Mansfield, Mass.

USAAC NATL. ASSOC.—Silver Anniversary convention for USAAC'S and A.F.S. vets, Allentown, Pa., July 30-Aug. 2. Walter H. Davison, chmn., 526 N. Berks St., Allentown, or Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5321 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ask about free USAAC Reference Book & Directory.

BASE HOSP. 65 (KERHUON CENTER)—Annual reunion, Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 7. Roy C. Millikan, Greensboro, N. C. Ex-patients write also.

MED. DEPT., BASE HOSP. TRNG. CENTER, CAMP LEE, VA.—Annual reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 9. H. W. Colston, secy., 1357 New York Av., N. E., Washington, D. C.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 13, AEF—23d annual reunion, Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 5-7. Write Chas. P. Sohn, pres., 417 W. Conway St., Baltimore.

PASADENA AMB. Co. 1 (SEC. 563-4-5-6, USAAS)—Reunion, Pasadena, Calif., June 13. C. D. Clearwater, Pacific Palisades, Calif.

349TH AMB. CORPS, 88TH DIV.—25th anniversary reunion, Denver, Colo., June 27. Vets of 313 S. T. also invited. Frank Morris, 203 Guardian Vault Bldg., Denver.

118TH AMB. Co., 30TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Canton, N. C., Aug. 6-7. Mrs. Chas. Mease, secy., Canton.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—For membership and details 1942 reunion, New York City, in Oct., write J. Frank Burke, natl. secy., 3 Bangor Rd., West Roxbury, Mass., or Arthur J. Pertsch, chmn., Cotton Exchange, 60 Beaver St., New York City.

U. S. S. Burrows W. W. Assoc.—Annual reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 11. P. E. Cocchi, secy., 25 Malden St., Springfield, Mass.

NATL. ASSOC. U. S. S. Connecticut VETS.—6th convention and reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 3. Fay Knight, shipswriter, 22 Jane St., Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. Iowa—6th reunion, Lake Aquilla, Chardon, Ohio, July 26. Wendell R. Lerch, secy., 348 Front St., Berea, Ohio.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE—Natl. Convention, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 2-5. Hq. at Hotel Sherman. Anthony J. Marchi, conv. chmn., 1450 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago; Mrs. Olyse Marchi, Aux. chmn.

RESERVE MALLET, AEF VETS.—6th annual reunion, in Ohio, June 13-14. For place and other details, write Paul C. Maroney, natl. secy., Chelsea, Mich.



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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT March 31, 1942

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 633,235.64
Accounts receivable	66,181.14
Inventories	120,142.15
Invested funds	2,679,029.65
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	213,998.75
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	125,304.31
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	44,462.43
Deferred charges	48,347.52
	<u>3,930,701.59</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 68,261.09
Funds restricted as to use	33,227.39
Deferred revenue	570,368.48
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	213,998.75
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$2,645,681.00
Unrestricted capital	399,164.88
	<u>3,930,701.59</u>

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

BURSTS ONE MAN'S BURST IS AND DUDS ANOTHER MAN'S DUD

L EON SCHWARZ, Commander of Lamar Y. McLeod Post of Mobile, Alabama, who is also chairman of a Local Draft Board, had a knotty puzzle when he came to look over the questionnaire of a registrant marked single, married, widower and divorced. Calling the prospective soldier for examination, he wanted to know how come?

"Cap'n, that's correct, true as I'm born," insisted the registrant. "I've been single, I've been married, I've been divorced, I've been married again, and now I've a widower. Every word is right as can be."

P AST Department Commander John C. Vivian, now Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, got a chuckle out of the story of the henpecked husband who evaded his wife long enough to get into the Army. In this case, however, absence did not make the heart grow fonder: the wife continued with a long series of letters, each one filled with advice, admonition, complaints and criticism. Then his outfit was moved to France. Feeling a greater safety in distance, the soldier looked over a dozen or more unanswered screeds and, in a burst of bravery worthy of a better cause, he sat himself down to answer all at once. "Dear Lettie," he wrote, "don't send me no more naggin' letters. They don't do no good. I'm 3,000 miles away from home and I want to fight this war in peace."

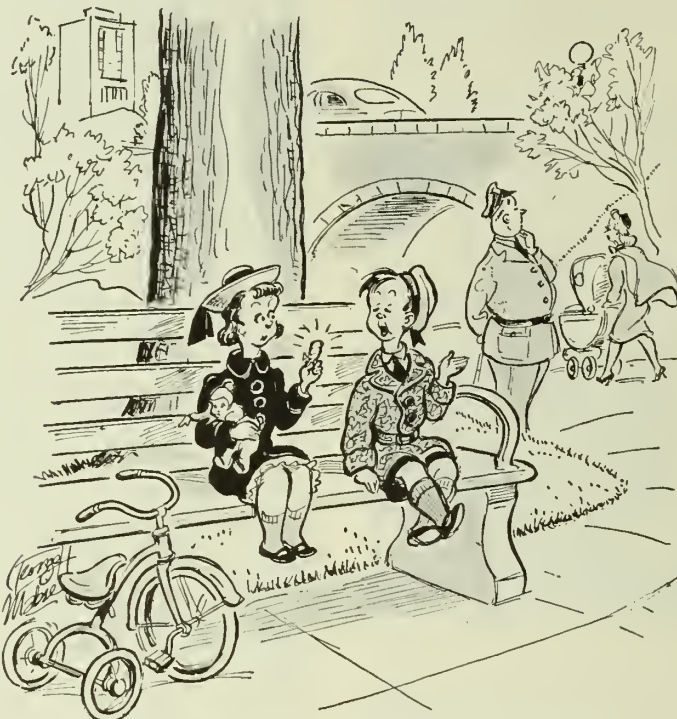
"N O, SAH! I didn't go to no lodge meeting last night," announced the Sub-Grand Kingfish as he started to wash a car. "We had to postpone dat



"Instead of being allowed to go fight in the war I have to stay home and hear pop analyze it"

conclavination. You see, our Grand All-Powerful Invincible Most Supreme Unconquerable Potentate done got beat up by his wife."

A BIG motor car purred down the highway. A group of soldiers were huddled at the roadside. Daylight was waning, fading into deep dusk, but what-



"You'll never know what real suffering is till you hear my ma tell about her operation"

ever it was these men were engaged in it held their complete and undivided attention. The lone occupant of the car, a portly man of evident means and a philanthropic disposition, ordered the chauffeur to stop.

"Can I help you, boys?" he asked. "Anything I can do? I'm all out for defense, you know."

"That's swell, buddy," answered one of the lads. "Come over here and bring your flashlight with you, if you want to help defense. Just hold that light steady while we go on with this crap game."

L EGIONSON Elmer Schiefer of Saginaw, Michigan, opines that the meanest man he ever heard of was the one that put a thumb-tack on the seat of an electric chair.

A YOUNG man got part-time employment at Skinner's Mortuary in a neighboring town, writes F. E. Breeding of Loyal Service Post, McAllen, Texas. His mother had forgotten the name of the outfit, and she was horrified when he phoned: "Mother, I'll be pretty late getting home tonight. A lady just died here and I'm going to help Skinner."

A ND here's one that comes from W. S. Hughes of Goad-Ballinger Post, Springfield, Missouri. A young soldier wangled a furlough for himself and, after a few days, returned to his station,

grim and morose. He was usually a cheerful chap and the boys from his home town knew there was something out of joint. In answer to their questions he told them that his family was okay, but that he'd had a bust with his best girl. "I found her at church with another fellow," he said. "That was all right, but the thing that burned me up

was she was sittin' close and he was fannin' her with his exemption papers."

"I HOPE you like my bursts, my wife would like some new duds," wisecracks Len Williams of Cordova, Illinois, when sending in a few oldies.

T HE story of the Three Bears is as old as any bedtime stories, but here is a streamlined version from Oklahoma. The three bears were traveling from Oklahoma to Texas. A big cactus had grown up in the pathway. Mother bear tried to jump over it, but fell right on the toughest, stickiest part, and before she got up she said "Ouch!" Father bear tried to jump over the cactus. He fell on it, got stuck by the long needles and yelled "Ouch!" Baby bear fell on the cactus, but he didn't say "Ouch" at all.

So mother bear said: "I guess he must be one of these dead-end kids."

"N OW, there has been a lot of talk about hoarding food supplies," casually remarks Kendall Bass of Casadaga (Florida) Post, "but what are you going to do about this: There's a store in a neighboring town with a sign on it: W. E. HYDE, MEAT AND GROCERIES."

A YOUNGSTER from the city, visiting his country cousin, saw his first chestnut burr. "Lookie," he yelled, "here's a porcupine egg!"

~~SERVE~~
~~SEE~~ AMERICA NOW!



... you can see America later

Change just one word—and you have a challenging, fighting phrase for all Americans who travel in these critical times . . . "SERVE America Now—You Can SEE America Later!"

That means: Think twice before you take any unnecessary trip. Take trips *before* or *after* mid-summer if possible . . . travel on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, leaving the week-end for war workers and men in uniform . . . get full trip information in advance from your Greyhound agent to avoid delay.

The one big job for transportation, at this moment, is to keep America's *vital war-time traffic on the move*.

The people Greyhound is carrying and *intends to carry efficiently* are selectees, fighting men, war workers, essential business travelers—all those who must keep rolling to *keep America rolling!*

It's these people who now form the big majority of Greyhound passengers, along 60,000 miles of American highways.

If your trip isn't for war-connected work, or for some important personal reason, why not postpone it? Then invest the money you save in U. S. War Bonds or Stamps. *You can help Greyhound do a job for America-at-War!*



GREYHOUND

The War Effort Comes First
with Greyhound

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're
flying Uncle Sam's
bombers across
the ocean



WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (*second from left, above*) says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice... you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain (*nearest camera*), a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

There's LESS NICOTINE
in the smoke

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of *the smoke itself*!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

IN MY NEW
DEFENSE JOB, LESS
NICOTINE IN THE
SMOKE IS IMPORTANT
TO ME. I STICK
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FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!